

PART TEN
NINTH ISSUE

Parker
Complete in about 40 Parts

THE GREAT WAR.

I WAS THERE!

UNDYING MEMORIES OF 1914-1918

Edited by
**SIR JOHN
HAMMERTON**

Editor of
WORLD WAR 1914-1918

Writer of
FORGOTTEN MEN
The Famous War Film

**MANY HUNDREDS OF
UNPUBLISHED PHOTOS**



LITERARY CONTENTS OF THIS PART

With Acknowledgements to Authors and Publishers

WEEK by week we acknowledge here our indebtedness to the many authors and publishers without whose courteous permission to reprint selected pages from the books written and published by them the compilation of the present work could not have been achieved. In our volumes as finally bound these acknowledgements will be repeated in the preliminary pages.

72. GALLIPOLI: Snipers' Paradise, Soldiers' Hell
from A. P. HERBERT'S "The Secret Battle," by his permission
Publishers: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 36, Essex Street, W.C.2

73. MOVING LETTERS FROM AN ANZAC DUG-OUT
from GEN. SIR JOHN MONASH'S "War Letters"
Publishers: Angus & Robertson, 89, Castlereagh Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

74. MOUNTAINS OF DEAD IN VALLEYS OF MYRTLE
from HON. AUBREY HERBERT'S "Mons, Anzac and Kut"
Publishers: Hutchinson & Co., Ltd., 34, Paternoster Row, E.C.4

75. I WAS A BOY AT GALLIPOLI
By PTE. F. T. WILSON, from "Everyman At War"
Publishers: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., 10, Bedford Street, W.C.2

76. MEN INTO BEASTS: The Horrors of Anzac
from DIGGER CRAVEN'S "Peninsula of Death"
Publishers: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd., 100, Southwark Street, S.E.1

77. A GUNNER AT FESTUBERT
from "MARK SEVERN'S" (MAJOR FRANKLIN LUSHINGTON'S) "The Gambardier"
Publishers: Ernest Benn, Ltd., Bouverie House, Fleet Street, E.C.4

Leaves from the Editor's Note-Book

John Carpenter House, London, E.C.4

IF ever a scheme and a major decision in connexion with my serial publications was justified, that which I made in the planning of I WAS THERE when I decided that it should present the human story of the Great War has been justified beyond all possible question. Every letter that I receive from men "who were there"—and I have now received hundreds—brings out the immense satisfaction that my readers are experiencing in gaining and keeping a direct series of personal contacts with those days of stress and danger, humour and boredom that they all, in their several ways, went through twenty and more years ago.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of my notes this week will be taken up with quotations from these human contact letters. Several readers—of whom Mr. J. Habishaw late of the West Riding Regt., 10th Service Battalion, is one—comment on the fact that war, terrible as it is, in the main and in detail, had its many humorous sides. Mr. Habishaw says: "I have read many books on the war but they have mostly been on the tragic side. Now many soldiers had their moments of humour . . . and he, like a number of others, offers to contribute some of his own humorous experiences. As I have noted already, I am very glad indeed to receive contributions of this sort from old soldiers; but they must, of course, understand that I cannot promise in advance that more than a selection can be published, as the pressure on our pages is already, at this early stage of our work, very severe. However, I am taking steps to see that the lighter side of the war does receive proper consideration.

MANY were the extraordinary circumstances that arose both on land and sea when Junior Officers found themselves suddenly in command of Battalions and N.C.O.'s and Privates leading Companies. Such incidents will be familiar memories

to many of my readers; but certainly one of the most unusual that I have heard of is the experience of Chief Petty Officer Bishop who, during the Battle of the Heligoland Bight (of which we gave a Stoker's story in Part 3) found himself in command of a warship in action. I quote his letter:

"My experience in the Heligoland Battle on August 28, 1914, is as follows. I was Chief Petty Officer Torpedo Coxswain in H.M. Destroyer Laurel, the ship leading the 4th Division of Destroyers, and when in action with the German light-cruiser Mainz, Commander F. F. Rose, now Admiral Sir F. F. Rose, was severely wounded and lay unconscious on the bridge. I was then left in command of the ship, and remained in command until the action was finished, when I was relieved by the 1st Lieut. During the action we were badly damaged and suffered many casualties, and to make matters more difficult the safety-valve easing gear lever of the foremost boiler got shut off, which caused the foremost boiler to blow off, causing a terrific noise until it was opened again, but in the words of the Commodore, Sir Reg. Tyrwhitt, 'the ship was handled in a very seamanlike manner under difficult circumstances.'

"I think I can claim to be the only lower-deck rating of the Royal Navy, past and present, who has been in command of a warship in action. This can be verified, if necessary, by Admiral Sir F. F. Rose, or any of the surviving members of the ship's company."—ARCHIBALD CHARLES BISHOP, D.S.M., M.S.M.

SO varied are the aspects of our work that from torpedo-boat destroyers we jump to horses. Ex-Sergeant Fisher finds that he has special associations with the article on "Horses Honoured in Their Country's Service" which appeared in Part 2. He thinks it is not generally known what good work was done by the Princesse de Croy for British soldiers who were cut off by the 1914 retreat. Sergeant Fisher had the very interesting experience of meeting this gallant lady again after the signing of the Armistice. He says:

"We stayed for one day in the grounds facing the château shown in the photograph [page 79], and I was present with a group of officers when she described her experiences of having British soldiers still hiding in the château while the Germans were using the building for their headquarters. She was a great personal friend of Nurse Cavell, and in the same trial was sentenced to imprisonment for life."

Sir Percy Laurie's horse, which is also shown on the same page in Part 2, has, I understand, gained several readers for

[Continued in page iii of this wrapper]



A GALLIPOLI LUXURY—FRESH WATER WASH

Too often in the Gallipoli drama the British soldier found his lot made harder by the lack of water supply which would have cleansed and soothed him after days and weeks beneath the burning sun. True, the bathing parades from the beaches that became famous were welcome, but these were necessarily infrequent for some units, and in several cases shell-fire was a constant hazard. Fortunate indeed, then, was the fellow who is shown here taking a much-needed bath safely under cover in one of the few streams that flowed through the Peninsula.

Imperial War Museum



ONE RESTFUL MOMENT IN A GALLIPOLI TRENCH

The month of May 1915 was marked by fierce day and night action at Gallipoli and, in spite of tremendous difficulties, the spirit and grim determination of the men remained unbroken. This photograph, taken during a brief lull in the fighting, gives a clear impression of the conditions prevailing in a crude front line trench on the Peninsula. Behind the officer in the foreground, a gunner stands on the fire step, with S.A.A. boxes at hand, ready to snatch away the ground-sheet cover of his Vickers gun and open fire.

Imperial War Museum



Central Press

CAPTAIN IN TRAGIC HOURS

The Lusitania at the time she was sunk was commanded by Captain W. T. Turner, seen left on the bridge where he stood when there was a cry of "Submarine!" Captain Turner rushed to the side, but it was too late to avoid the torpedoes. The ship was struck twice, and the captain could but do his best to save his passengers and crew. True to the great traditions of his service, he went down with his ship. He was picked up after being in the sea for three hours, and right he is seen walking in Queenstown after his rescue, noticeably aged by the terrible experience.

That was the last boat I saw lowered. It became impossible to lower any more from our side owing to the list on the ship. No one else except that white-faced stream seemed to lose control. A number of people were moving about the deck, gently and vaguely. They reminded one of a swarm of bees who do not know where the queen has gone. Presently Dr. F— decided to go down and fetch life-belts for himself and his sister-in-law. Whilst he was away the vessel righted herself perceptibly, and word was passed round that the bulkheads had been closed and the danger was over. We laughed and shook hands, and I said, "Well, you've had your thrill all right." "I never want another," she answered. Soon after, the doctor returned bearing two life-belts. He had had to wade through deep water down below to get them.

WHILST we were standing, I unhooked my skirt so that it should come straight off and not impede me in the water. The list on the ship soon got worse again, and, indeed, became very bad. Presently Dr. F— said he thought we had better jump into the sea. (We had thought of doing so before, but word had been passed round from the captain that it was better to stay where we were.) Dr. F— and Miss C— moved towards the edge of the deck where the boat had been and there was

no railing. I followed them, feeling frightened at the idea of jumping so far (it was, I believe, some sixty feet normally from "A" deck to the sea), and telling myself how ridiculous I was to have physical fear of the jump when we stood in such grave danger as we did. Others must have had the same fear, for a little crowd stood hesitating on the brink and kept me back.

And then, suddenly, I saw that the water had come over on to the deck. We were not, as I had thought, sixty feet above the sea—we were already under the sea. I saw the water green just about up to my knees. I do not remember its coming up farther; that must all have happened in a second. The ship sank and I was sucked right down with her.

THE next thing I can remember was being deep down under the water. It was very dark, nearly black. I fought to come up. I was terrified of being caught on some part of the ship and kept down. That was the worst moment of terror, the only moment of acute terror, that I knew. My wrist did catch on a rope. I was scarcely aware of it

at the time, but I have the mark on me to this day. At first I swallowed a lot of water; then I remembered that I had read that one should not swallow water, so I shut my mouth. Something bothered me in my right hand and prevented me striking out with it; I discovered that it was the life-belt I had been holding for my father. As I reached the surface I grasped a little bit of board, quite thin, a few inches wide and perhaps two or three feet long. I thought this was keeping me afloat. I was wrong. My most excellent life-belt was doing that. But everything that happened after I had been submerged was a little misty and vague; I was slightly stupefied from then on.

When I came to the surface I found that I formed part of a large, round, floating island composed of people and debris of all sorts, lying so close together that at first there was not very much water noticeable in between. People, boats, hen-coops, chairs, rafts, boards and goodness knows what besides, all floating cheek by jowl. A man with a

white face and yellow moustache came and held on to the other end of my board. I did not quite like it, for I felt it was not large enough for two, but I did not feel justified in objecting. Every now and again he would try to move round towards my end of the

board. This frightened me; I scarcely knew why at the time (I was probably quite right to be frightened; it is likely enough that he wanted to hold on to me). I summoned up my strength—to speak was an effort—and told him to go back to his own end, so that we might keep the board properly balanced. He said nothing and just meekly went back. After a while I noticed that he had disappeared. I don't know what had happened to him. He may have gone off to a hen-coop which was floating near by. I don't know whether he had a life-belt on or not. Somehow I think not.

MANY people were praying aloud in a curious, unemotional monotone; others were shouting for help in much the same slow, impersonal chant: "Bo-at—bo-at—bo-at—" I shouted for a minute or two, but it was obvious that there was no chance of any boat responding, so I soon desisted. One or two boats were visible, but they were a long way from where I was, and clearly had all they could do to pick up the people close beside them. So far as I could see, they did not appear to be moving much. By and by my legs got bitterly cold, and I decided to try to swim to a boat so as to get them out of the cold water, but it was a big effort swimming (I could normally swim a hundred yards or so, but I am not an expert swimmer). I swam only a few strokes and almost immediately gave

up the attempt, because I did not see how I could get along without letting go of my piece of board, which nothing would have induced me to abandon.

There was no acute feeling of fear whilst one was floating in the water. I can remember feeling thankful that I had not been drowned underneath, but had reached the surface safely, and thinking that even if the worst happened there could be nothing unbearable to go through now that my head was above the water. The life-belt held one up in a comfortable sitting position, with one's head lying rather back, as if one were in a hammock. One was a little dazed and rather stupid and vague.

I doubt whether any of the people in the water were acutely frightened or in any consciously unbearable agony of mind. When Death is as close as he was, then the sharp agony of fear is not there; the thing is too overwhelming and stunning for that. One has the sense of something taking care of one. I don't mean in the sense of protecting one from death—rather of death itself being a benignant power.

At moments I wondered whether the whole thing was perhaps a nightmare from which I should wake, and once—half-laughing, I think—I wondered, looking round on the sun and pale blue sky and calm sea, whether I had reached heaven without knowing it—and devoutly hoped I hadn't.

ONE was acutely uncomfortable, no more than that. A discomfort mainly due to the intense cold, but further—at least so far as I was concerned—to the fact that, being a very bad sailor, when presently a little swell got up, I was sea-sick. I remember, as I sat in the water, I thought out an improvement which I considered should be adopted for all life-belts. There should be, I thought, a little bottle of chloroform strapped into each belt, so that one could inhale it and lose consciousness when one wished to. I must have been exceedingly uncomfortable before I thought of that.

The swell of the sea had the effect of causing the close-packed island of wreckage and people to drift apart. Presently I was a hundred yards or more away from anyone else. I looked up at the sun, which was high in the sky, and wished that I might lose consciousness. I don't know how long after that I did lose it, but that is the last thing I remember in the water.

The next thing I remember is lying naked between blankets on a deck in the dark. (I was, I discovered later, on a tiny patrol steamer named the Bluebell.) Every now and again a



Topical Press and L.N.A.

THEY SURVIVED TO TELL THEIR DREADFUL STORY

The upper photograph shows two of the Lusitania's crew immediately after their rescue. In the lower one are six survivors who attended the inquiry to give evidence. They are, left to right, C. Gunn, F. Hennessey, E. J. Highway, W. Egan, N. Clyde and G. Quinn. The Lusitania was carrying 1,255 passengers and a crew of 651. Only about 718 lives were saved, despite the heroic efforts of the crew and the rescue ships.



THEY DIED TOGETHER AND WERE LAID IN A COMMON GRAVE

This photograph shows the scene at the burial of some of the bodies of the victims of the Lusitania tragedy that were recovered from the sea. Those that could not be identified were interred in a common grave in Queenstown cemetery. The photograph shows a part of the huge grave with the coffins numbered instead of bearing name plates. The funeral was attended by most of the naval and military officers stationed at the port.

Topical Press

sailor came and looked at me and said, "That's better." I had a vague idea that something had happened, but I thought that I was still on the deck of the Lusitania, and I was vaguely annoyed that some unknown sailor should be attending to me instead of my own stewardess. Gradually memory came back.

The kindly sailor offered me a cup of lukewarm tea, which I drank (we were on a teetotal vessel). There did not seem much wrong with me except that my whole body was shaking violently and my teeth were chattering like castanets, as I had never supposed teeth could chatter, and that I had a violent pain in the small of my back, which I suppose was rheumatism. "We left you up here to begin with," he explained, "as we thought you were dead, and it did not seem worth while cumbering up the cabin with you."

There was some discussion as to how to get me down the cabin stairs. "It took three men to lift you on board," someone explained. I said that I

thought I could walk; so, supported on either arm and with a third man holding back my dripping hair, I managed to get down. I was put into the captain's bunk, whence someone rather further recovered was ejected to make room for me. The warmth below was delicious; it seemed to make one almost delirious.

THE JOY OF BEING ALIVE

I SHOULD say that almost all of us down there (I do not know how many rescued were on board; I can remember noticing five or six, but probably there were thirty or forty) were a little drunk with the heat and the light and the joy of knowing ourselves to be alive. We were talking at the tops of our voices and laughing a great deal. At one time I was talking and laughing with

some woman when a sailor came in and asked us if we had lost anyone in the wreck. I did not then know what had happened to my father; she was almost sure that her husband was drowned. He was, she had already told me (there are no veils just after a shipwreck), all she had in the world. It seemed that his loss probably meant the breaking-up of her whole life, yet at that moment she was full of cheerfulness and laughter.

I can remember two exceptions to the general merriment. The captain of the Lusitania was amongst those rescued on our little boat, but I never heard him speak. The other exception was a woman who sat silent in the outer cabin. Presently she began to speak. Quietly, gently, in a low, rather monotonous



L.N.A.

GERMAN LIES EXPOSED

After the sinking of the Lusitania a Board of Trade inquiry into the disaster was ordered and was held at Westminster under the Presidency of Viscount Mersey, a former Judge of the Court of Admiralty. Above is the scene while the Court was sitting. The finding of the Court was that the German allegations that the ship had masked guns and was carrying munitions and Canadian soldiers were "baseless inventions and they serve only to condemn those who make use of them." Captain Turner was absolved from all blame.

voice, she described how she had lost her child. She had, so far as I can recollect, been made to place him on a raft, which, owing to some mismanagement, had capsized. She considered that his death had been unnecessary; that it had been due to the lack of organization and discipline on board, and gently, dispassionately, she said so to the captain of the Lusitania. She further stated her intention of saying so publicly later. It seemed to me, fresh from the incompetent muddle on the Lusitania's deck, that she entirely proved her case. A sailor who came in to attend to me suggested that she was hysterical. She appeared to me to be the one person on board who was not.

WE got into Queenstown harbour about eleven. A man (the steward who had waited at our table on the Lusitania) came on board and told me that my father had been rescued and was already on shore. When we came alongside, the captain of the Bluebell came in and asked if I could go ashore, as he wanted to move on again. I said certainly, but not wrapped in one tiny blanket. Modesty, which had been completely absent for some hours, was

beginning faintly to return. I said I could do it if only I had a couple of safety-pins to fasten the thing together; but it was a man's ship, and the idea of safety-pins produced hoots of laughter.

Finally someone went ashore and borrowed a "British Warm" from one

of the soldiers on the quay. Clad in this, with the blanket tucked round my waist underneath it, and wearing the captain's carpet slippers, I started for the shore. The gangway was a difficult obstacle. It was so placed that it meant stepping up eighteen inches or possibly a couple of feet. I must have been pretty weak, for I had to get down on to my hands and knees and crawl on to it.

At the other end of the gangway my father was waiting.



GLORYING IN THEIR SHAME

Germany showed astonishing effrontery in face of the world-wide condemnation of the sinking of the Lusitania and even issued a medal commemorating the shameful act. The reverse, left, shows Death issuing tickets at the Cunard office with the words "Business above everything." Obverse, the sinking ship with the words "No Contraband" above it, and below "The liner Lusitania sunk by a German submarine 5 May, 1915." As she was not sunk until May 7, the medal was apparently struck in anticipation.

THE GREAT GREтна

TROOP TRAIN DISASTER —

ILL-FATED ROYAL SCOTS

ON May 22, 1915, a troop train collided near Gretna with a local train. Directly afterwards an express crashed into the wreckage. David Wallace, driver of the local train, leapt from the footplate a second or two before the impact. "With a deafening roar," he says, "the engines met. The tender of the troop train closed like a concertina. Before my eyes the driver and fireman were forced into the furnace of their own engine. . . Splintered bodywork and glass flew everywhere. Men went hurtling through the air." The number of lives lost was 157 and about 200 were injured, mostly men of the 7th Royal Scots.



To the horror of the collisions was added that of fire; the wooden coaches of the troop train burned furiously, and when the firemen arrived they were handicapped by lack of water. The photograph, above, of a burnt-out coach tells its own terrible story. The troop train suffered the most damage and the casualties were heaviest amongst the soldiers, the 7th Royal Scots. Left, the injured are seen lying on mattresses in a field by the railway line. Below, the calling of the roll after the disaster. Fifty-two men of the Royal Scots answered the roll-call out of 500, though not all the remainder were casualties, since many had accompanied their injured comrades to hospital.

Topical Press





EARLY HONOURS FOR THE R.N.D. AT GALLIPOLI

The failure to take Krithia on April 28 led to the second battle of Krithia. The attack on the Turkish position was planned to begin on May 6, and on that day the Hood Battalion of the Royal Naval Division won an early success by capturing the position known as "White House," seen in this photograph. The man in the centre, with his hand to his mouth, is Lieutenant Ferguson, who was killed in action a month later. The battle resulted in an advance of the Allied line of between 400 and 600 yards.

Imperial War Museum

Gallipoli: Summer Interlude

May — July, 1915

DURING the summer of 1915 the Gallipoli campaign continued and deteriorated into a trench warfare of the most abominable description ¶ To illustrate this period of stalemate when the greatest hardships of the fighting troops were suffered, we introduce a series of narratives including those of Private Wilson, who was a mere boy at the time, and "Digger" Craven, an Australian infantryman ¶ General Monash, the inspired leader of the Anzacs, is represented by letters written in his dug-out ¶ The Hon. Aubrey Herbert who, in Chapter 30, described his adventures with the original Expeditionary Force in France, and Mr. A. P. Herbert, the well-known Member of Parliament and humorous writer, both enlarge upon the horrors of warfare in Gallipoli

* 72 May—June, 1915

GALLIPOLI: SNIPERS' PARADISE and SOLDIERS' HELL

by A. P. Herbert



FIGHTER AND HUMORIST

After his service with the Hawke Battalion of the R.N.D. in Gallipoli, Mr. A. P. Herbert, famous playwright, poet, essayist and novelist, fought on the Western Front, where he was wounded. He was called to the Bar in 1918, but has never practised

THE last weeks of May had something of the quality of an old English summer, and the seven plagues of the Peninsula had not yet attained the intolerable violence of June and July. True, the inhabited portion of the narrow land we won had already become in great part a wilderness; the myrtle, and rock-rose, and tangled cistus, and all that wealth of spring flowers in which the landing parties had fallen and died in April, had long been trodden to death, and there were wide stretches of yellow desert where not even the parched scrub survived.

But in the two and a half miles of bare country which lay between the capes and the foot-hills of Achi Baba was one considerable oasis of olives and stunted oaks, and therein, on the slopes of the bridge, was our camp fortunately set. The word "camp" contains an unmerited compliment to the place. The manner of its birth was characteristic of military arrangements in those days. When we were told, on that first mysterious midnight, to dig our-

selves a shelter against the morning's "searching," we were far from imagining that what we dug would be our peninsular "home" and haven of rest from the firing-line for many months to come.

And so we made what we conceived to be the quickest and simplest form of shelter against a quite temporary emergency—long, straight, untraversed ditches, running parallel to and with but a few yards between each other. No worse form of permanent dwelling-place could conceivably have been con-

structed, for the men were cramped in these places with a minimum of comfort and a maximum of danger. No man could climb out of his narrow drain without casting a shower of dust from the crumbling parapet on to his sleeping neighbour in the next ditch; and three large German shells could have destroyed half the regiment.

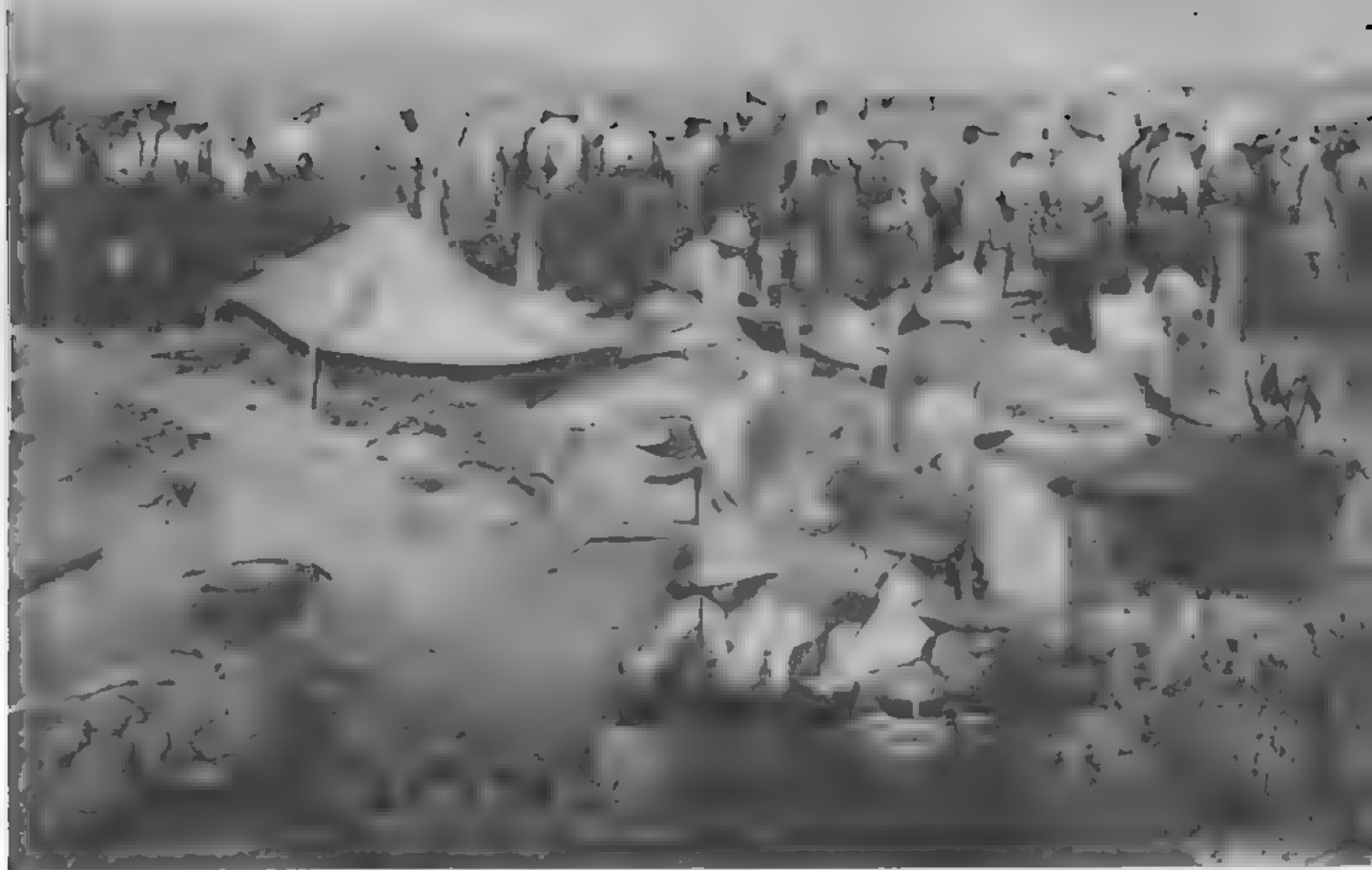
Yet there were many such camps, most of them lacking the grateful concealment of our trees. Such targets even the Turkish artillery must sometimes

SHAVING WITHIN RANGE OF SHELL FIRE

Amidst the devastation that turned the greater part of the Gallipoli Peninsula into a desert, there was, as Mr. A. P. Herbert relates in this page, one oasis of olives and oaks where his camp was pitched. There was, however, no "behind the lines" in Gallipoli in the sense that troops could get completely out of range of enemy guns. Even in such a rest camp as this in the oasis there was no real freedom from shell fire, and these men, enjoying the luxury of a shave, may find it at any moment interrupted by high explosives

Central Press





hit. There were no dug-outs in the accepted sense of the Western Front; no deep, elaborate, staircased chambers, hollowed out by miners with miners' material. Our dug-outs were dug-outs in truth, shallow excavations scooped in the surface of the earth.

The only roof for a man against sun and shells was a waterproof sheet stretched precariously over his hole. It is sufficient testimony to the indifference of the Turkish artillery that with such naked concentrations of men scattered about the Peninsula, casualties in the rest-camps were so few.

EACH officer had his own private hole, set democratically among the men's; and an officer's mess was simply made by digging a larger hole and roofing it with two waterproof sheets instead of one. There was no luxury among the infantry there, and the gulf which yawns between the lives of officer and man in France as regards material comfort was barely discernible in Gallipoli. Food was dull and monotonous; for weeks we had only bully-beef and

biscuits, and a little coarse bacon and tea, but it was the same for all, one honourable equality of discomfort.

At first there were no canteen facilities, and when some newcomer came from one of the islands with a bottle of champagne and another of chartreuse, we drank it with "bully" and cast-iron biscuit. Drinking water was as precious as the elixir of life, and almost as unobtainable, but officer and man had the same ration to eke out through the thirsty day.

Wells were sunk, and sometimes immediately condemned, and when we knew the water was clear and sweet to taste, it was hard to have it corrupted with the metallic flavour of chemicals by the medical staff.

Then indeed did a man learn to love water; then did he learn discipline, when he filled his water-bottle in the morning with the exiguous ration of the day, and fought with the intolerable craving to put it to his lips and there and then gurgled down his fill.

In the spring nights it was very cold, and men shivered in their single blanket

PARCHED THROATS—

Amid the dry, dusty ground and scrub of the Gallipoli wilderness the British fighting men too often found scant comfort and natural cover. Always there was the call and search for drinking water, which the distinguished author of this chapter describes as being "as

under the unimaginable stars; but very early the sun came up, and by five o'clock all the camp were singing; and there were three hours of fresh coolness when it was very good to wash in a canvas bucket, and smoke in the sun before the torrid time came on; and again at seven, when the sun sat perched on the great rock of Samothrace, and Imbros was set in a fleecy marvel of pink and saffron clouds, there were two hours of pure physical content; but these, I think, were more nearly perfect than the morning because they succeeded the irritable fevers of the day.

Then the crickets in the branches sang less tediously, and the flies melted away, and all over the Peninsula the wood fires began to twinkle in the dusk, as the men cooked over a few sticks the little delicacies which were preserved



—AND PARCHED EARTH

precious as the elixir of life." In this photograph men of the Royal Naval Division are seen near the shores of Suvla waiting to receive their sparse ration of water that was to be poured through the sun scorched dunes.

Imperial War Museum

for this hour of respite. When we had done we sat under our olive-tree in the clear twilight, and watched the last aeroplane sail home to Rabbit Islands, and talked and argued till the glow-worms glimmered in the scrub, and up the hill the long roll of the Turks' rapid fire, told us that darkness was at hand, and the chill dew sent us into our crannies to sleep.

In France, apart from full-dress attacks, an infantryman may live for many months without once firing his rifle, or running the remotest risk of death by a rifle bullet. Patiently he ramps, and watches, and digs, and is shelled, clinging fondly to his rifle night and day, but seldom or never in a position to use it; so that in the stagnant days of the past he came to look upon it as a mere part of his equipment, like

his water-bottle, only heavier and less comforting: and in real emergencies fumbled stupidly with the unfamiliar mechanism. This was true for a long time of the normal, or peace-time, sectors of France.

But in the hell-trenches of Gallipoli the Turk and the Gentile fought with each other all day with rifle and bomb, and in the evening crept out and stabbed each other in the dark. There was no release from the strain of watching and listening and taking thought. The Turk was always on higher ground; he knew every inch of all those valleys and vineyards and scrub-strewn slopes; and he had an uncanny accuracy of aim.

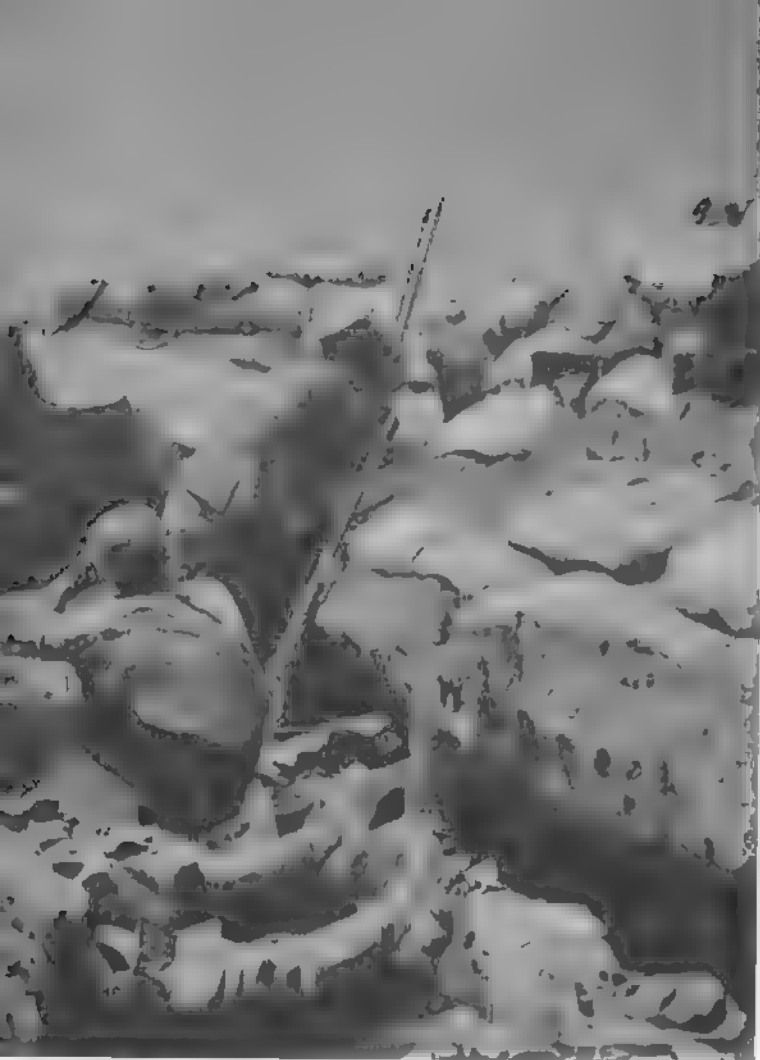
Moreover, many of his men had the devotion of fanatics, which inspired them to lie out behind our lines, with stores of food enough to last out their ammunition, certain only of their own ultimate destruction, but content to lie there and pick off the infidels till they too died. They were very brave men.

But the Turkish snipers were not confined to the madmen who were

caught disguised as trees in the broad daylight and found their way into the picture papers. Every trench was full of snipers, less theatrical, but no less effective. And in the night they crept out with unbelievable stealth and lay close in to our lines, killing our sentries, and chipping away our crumbling parapets.

So the sniping was terrible. In that first week we lost twelve men each day; they fell without a sound in the early morning as they stood up from their cooking at the brazier, fell shot through the head, and lay snoring horribly in the dust; they were sniped as they came up the communication trench with water, or carelessly raised their heads to look back at the ships in the bay; and in the night there were sudden screams where a sentry had moved his head too often against the moon. If a periscope were raised, however furtively, it was shivered in an instant; if a man peered over himself, he was dead.

Far back in the reserve lines or at the wells, where a man thought himself hidden from view, the sniper saw and



HE KILLED MANY TURKS

In this page Mr. A. P. Herbert relates how a few good shots from Clydeside and Tyneside became expert snipers, and with periscopes, telescopes and a selected rifle killed many Turks. Above is such a sniper observing the Turkish trenches through his periscope to find a likely target.

Central Press

killed him. All along the line were danger-posts where many had been hit; these places became invested with a peculiar awe, and as you came to them the men said, "Keep low here, sir," in a mysterious whisper, as though the Turk could hear them. Indeed, so uncanny were many of the deaths, that some men said the Turk could see impossibly through the walls of the trench, and crouched nervously in the bottom.

ALL the long communication trenches were watched, and wherever a head or a moving rifle showed at a gap, a bullet came with automatic regularity. Going down a communication trench alone a man would hear the tap of these bullets on the parapet following him along, and break into a half-hysterical run in the bright sunlight to get away from this unnatural pursuit; for such it seemed to him to be.

The fire seemed to come from all angles; and units bitterly accused their neighbours of killing their men when it seemed impossible that any Turk could

shoot better than their fellows and called them snipers, and behold, they were snipers. We gave them telescopes and periscopes, and observers, and set them in odd corners, and told them to snipe. And by slow degrees they became interested and active and expert, and killed many Turks. The third time we came to those trenches we could move about with comparative freedom.

In all this Harry took a leading part, for the battalion scout officer was one of the first casualties, and Harry, who had had some training as a scout in the ranks, was appointed in his place. In this capacity he was in charge of the improvised snipers, and all day moved about the line from post to post, encouraging and correcting. All this he did with characteristic energy and enthusiasm, and tired himself out with long wanderings in the scorching sun.

In those trenches all movement was an intense labour. The sun blazed always into the suffocating ditch, where no breath of air came; the men not on duty lay huddled wherever they could

have fired the shot. For a little, then, this sniping was thoroughly on the men's nerves. Nothing in their training had prepared them for it. They hated the "blinded" feeling it produced; it was demoralizing always to be wondering if one's head was low enough, always to walk with a stoop; it was tiring to be always taking care; and it was very dangerous to relax that care for a moment. Something had to be done; and the heavy, methodical way in which these Tynesiders of ours learned to counter and finally overcome the sniper, is characteristic of the nation's effort throughout this war.

The Turks were natural soldiers, fighting in their own country; more, they were natural scouts. Our men were ponderous, uncouth pitmen from Tyneside and the Clyde. But we chose out a small body of them who could

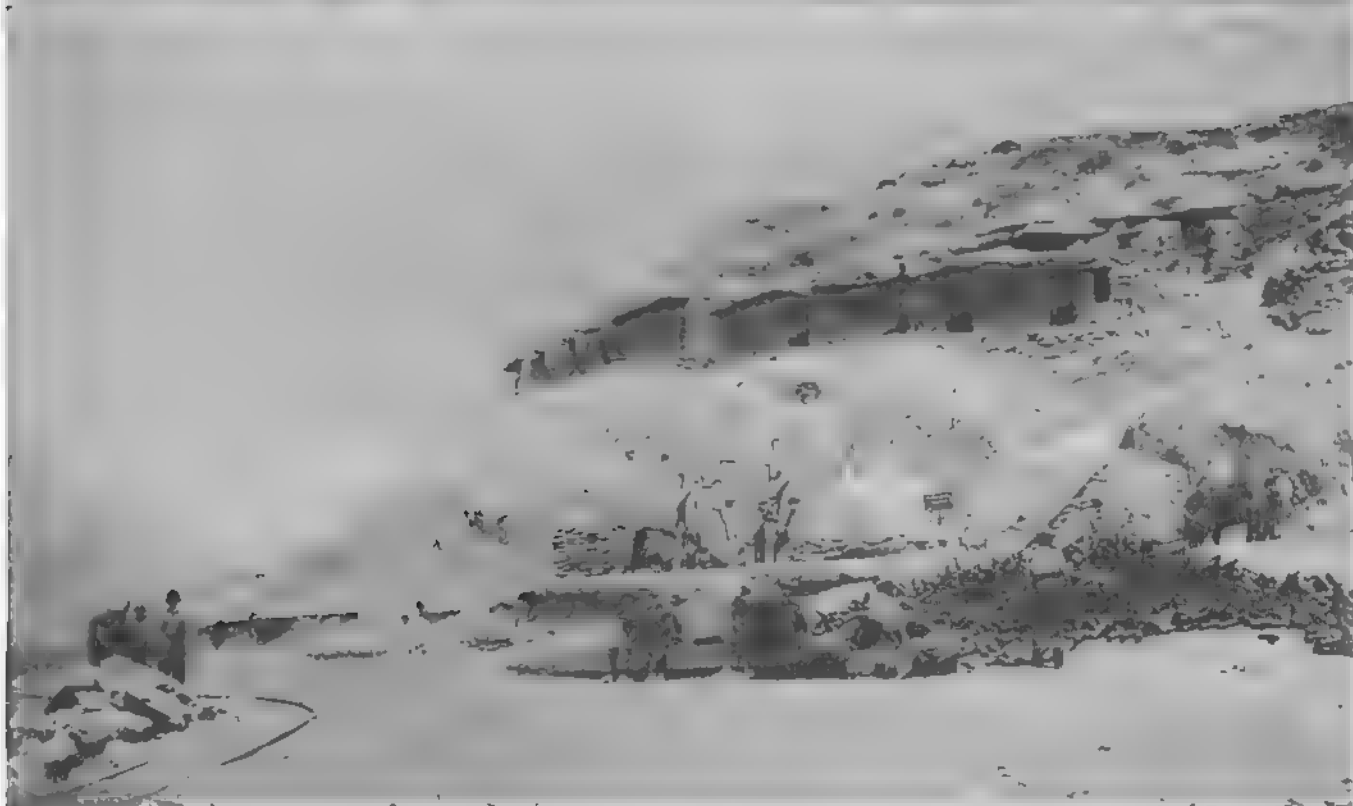
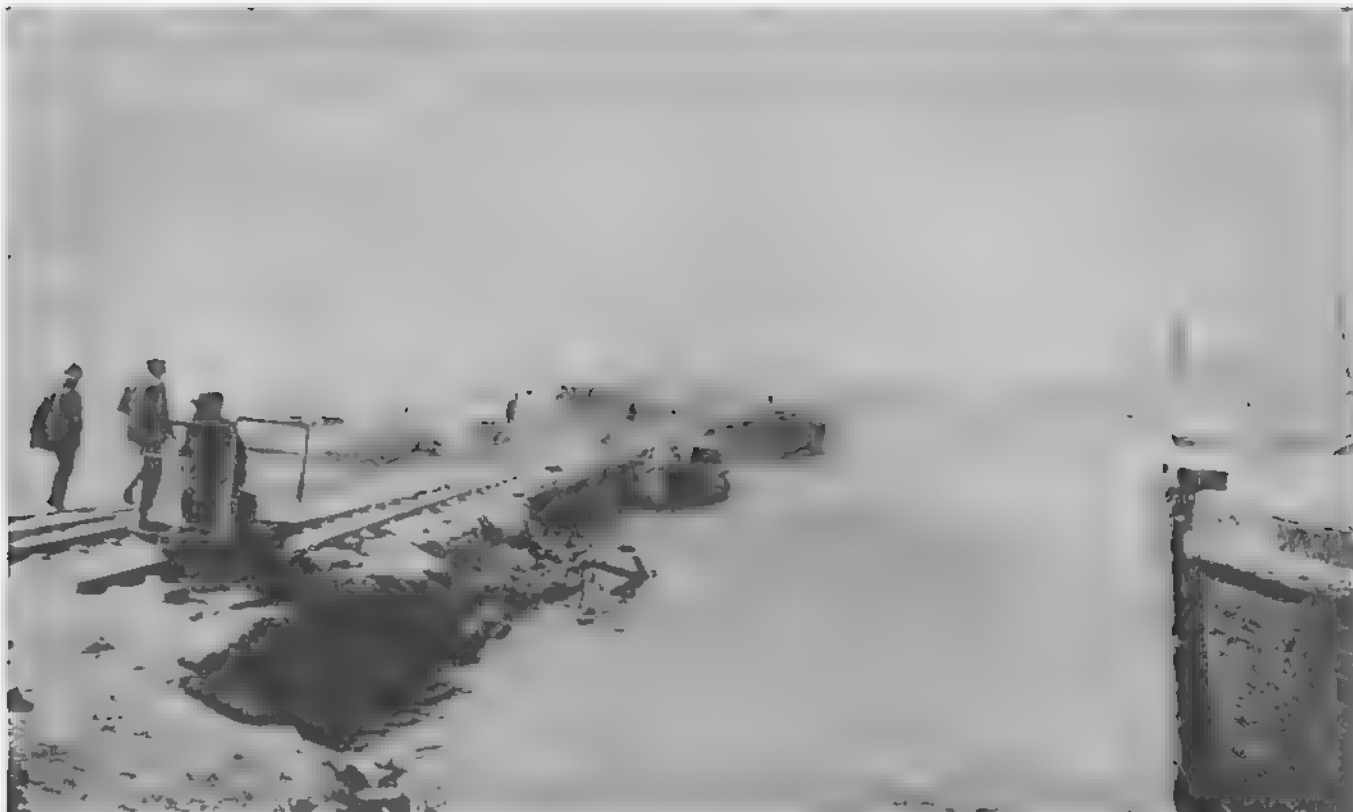
steal an inch of shade, with the flies crawling about their eyes and open mouths. Progress was a weary routine of squeezing past men, or stepping over men, or running into men round corners, as one stooped to escape death. In little niches in the wall were mess-tins boiling over box-wood fires, so that the eyes smarted from their smoke, and the air was full of the hot fumes; and everywhere was the stuffy smell of human flesh.

IN the heat of the day these things produced in the healthiest man an intolerable irritation and fatigue: to a frail, sensitive youth like Harry his day-long rambles must have been torture; but though he too became touchy he pursued his task with determination, and would not be tempted away.

The rest of us, when not on watch, lay torpid all the hot hours in the shallow holes we had scratched behind the trench and called Company Headquarters. These places were roofed only with the inevitable waterproof sheet, and had there been any serious shelling, would have been death-traps. Into these dwellings came many strange animals, driven from their nests among the roots of the scrub—snakes, lizards, and hideous centipedes. Large, clumsy, winged things, which some said were locusts, fell into the trench, and for a few hours strove vainly to leap out again till they were trampled to death; they had the colour of ivory, and shone with bright tints in the sun like shot silk.

THE men found tortoises derelict in near shell-holes, and set them to walk in the trench, and they too wandered sadly about till they disappeared, no man knew where. The flies were not yet at full strength, but they were very bad; and all day we wrestled with thirst. He was a lucky man who could sleep in the daylight hours, and when the cool evening came, beckoning him to sleep, he must rise and bestir himself for the work of the night.

Then all the line stirred with life again, with the cleaning of rifles thick with heavy dust, and the bustle of men making ready to "Stand to Arms." Now, indeed, could a man have slept when all the pests of the day had been exorcized by the cool dusk, and the bitter cold of the midnight was not yet come. But there was no sleep for any man, only watching and digging and carrying and working and listening. And so soon as Achi Baba was swathed in shadow, and the sun well down behind the westward islands, the Turk began his evening fusillade of rapid fire.



'W' BEACH, WHERE THE IMPOSSIBLE WAS ONCE PERFORMED

Admiral Wemyss, who watched the landing at "W" Beach, declared that "it seemed as though the impossible had been performed." A few months after that unforgettable exhibition of bravery "W" Beach had been transformed into a useful base for the troops. Top is the jetty built where, on April 25, heroes had been mown down by a murderous fire as they waded ashore. The lower photograph shows the cliffs up which these men scrambled, now excavated to make officers' dug-outs. On the beach is a heap of empty 18-pounder shell-cases which were awaiting shipment to be utilized again.

Imperial War Museum

MOVING LETTERS from an ANZAC DUG-OUT

by General Sir John Monash

OF General Sir John Monash, Captain Liddell Hart, the well-known military critic, wrote, "he probably had the greatest capacity for command in modern war among all who held command." A citizen soldier, by profession a civil engineer, General Monash commanded the 4th Australian Infantry Brigade in Gallipoli, and the following extracts from letters written to his wife and daughter, while on the Peninsula, bear witness to his deep admiration for the sterling qualities of his troops

Anzac, May 30, 1915.

Now that I am back, I am free to say that the time I spent with Ian Hamilton was at Imbros harbour, on the R.M.S. Arcadian. I learn that I was the very first officer of the whole Mediterranean Expedition who has been honoured by a personal invitation. On my return to Anzac yesterday I learned to my pleasure that I had been "mentioned in dispatches." About twenty in all of my brigade (including H.Q. and the four battalions) have been so mentioned, and I dare say some of them will get decorations. They gave Bridges [Major-Gen. William Bridges, mortally wounded in the field] his K.C.B. after his death.

This morning we had another tough fight. The position at Anzac lies in the form of a rough triangle. Our front is divided into four sections, of which mine is section number three at the salient or apex of the triangle; number one is held by the 3rd Brigade, number two by the 1st, number three by the 4th, and number four by the New Zealand Brigade. Owing to its position at the head of Monash Valley (the name given to the main valley running up the triangle), this salient is subject to constant attacks day and night.

At three o'clock this morning (we usually wake and stand to arms at three-thirty) the Turks fired a mine just under No. 3 trenches in my central post, known as Quinn's Post, and wrecked a group of trenches. They followed this up with a shower of bombs, and about a hundred of them rushed this portion of the trench. It took us two hours to get them out with bayonet, rifle, artillery and bombs: only seventeen were got out alive, the rest were killed, as were also at least another hundred who counter-attacked.

The 13th Battalion was manning the post at the time, supported by the 15th, and both did splendidly. Burnage [Lt.-Col. J. G. Burnage] was hit by a bomb and had both arms wounded.

This is the first casualty among my C.O.s. Major Quinn was killed.

Although worn out with five weeks of this trench warfare, the men behaved like heroes. Their battle discipline is perfect. They never flinch and never hesitate. We have got our battle procedure now thoroughly well organized. To a stranger it would probably look like a disturbed ant-heap with everybody running a different way, but the thing is really a triumph of organization. There are orderlies carrying mess-ages, staff officers with orders, lines of ammunition carriers, water carriers, bomb carriers, stretcher bearers, burial parties, first-aid men, reserves, supports, signallers, telephonists, engineers, digging parties, sandbag parties, periscope hands, pioneers, quartermaster's parties, and reinforcing troops, running about all over the place, apparently in confusion, but yet everything works as smoothly as on a peace parade, although the air is thick with clamour and bullets and bursting shells and bombs and flares. The remarkable

intelligence and initiative of the men are most helpful. Most of my officers are now men who have been promoted from the ranks for gallantry in action, and they are really fine.

Also they are humane and gentlemanly fighters. I saw a sight today which is to the eternal credit of Australian soldiers. After we had retaken the temporarily lost trenches, we found about sixteen or seventeen Turks in a sap both ends of which we held. The men might have easily killed the lot. But they waited while an interpreter was sent for, and the Turks were persuaded to surrender—all while the men's blood was up, and they had seen their mates blown to bits by these very men. But this was not all.

Scarcely had these Turks been disarmed and lined up to be searched, when our boys crowded round them with water-bottles, and biscuits which they devoured ravenously, and then gave them cigarettes, and all the while



GREATEST OF TEMPORARY SOLDIERS

Major-General Sir John Monash is here seen outside his headquarters at Glisy in May 1918, when he was in command of the Australian Corps in France. After the war he returned to Australia and resumed his work as an engineer until his death in 1931

Imperial War Museum



lines of stretcher-bearers were carrying past our dead and wounded. Gallantry can surely touch no higher pinnacle.

HAD they set upon these beaten men and bayoneted them to death, no one could have greatly wondered after the death and torture they had spread amongst us. It was touching, too, to see the gratitude of the wretched prisoners, who wept copiously and kissed our hands. One old fellow went on his knees and made a long speech to me in Turkish, with many salaams and gestures of homage. The public of Australia will never fully understand the admiration which all the British sailors and soldiers have for our troops.

As I write this letter in my dug-out, I am looking out on a hillside which contains the bivouac of the 14th Battalion, where the men have been living for five weeks in squalor and dirt, in rain and shine, and most of them in rags; yet they are laughing and singing and joking and indulging in chaff and horse-play until it is their

turn again tomorrow to face the awful ordeal of the trenches for a forty-eight hours' relief. There is only one epithet that comes to the lips of every general who has come into our lines, and that is "You splendid fellows." And this good spirit of soldierly endurance feeds and grows upon itself. . . .

*Reserve Gully, Anzac Cove,
June 7, 1915.*

DID I write in any of my letters about the armistice? This took place on May 24. It really began on May 22 by our hearing, from a trench about fifty yards in front of what is known as Courtney's Post, during a lull in the firing, cries of "Docteur, Docteur," and the waving of a Red Crescent flag.

BOATLOADS OF BRAVE MEN BOUND FOR BATTLE

Except in the case of the River Clyde, when a transport was run ashore, all the troops landed in Gallipoli had to be brought ashore in the boats of the men-of-war and transports. They were towed close into the shore by naval launches, and here is a "tow" approaching land. The end boats have their oars ready to make the last pull to the beach when they have cast off from the tow. These men are being landed to reinforce the Australians at Gaba Tepe, who had been hard pressed to hold the stretch of ground that they had won at this important point.

I sent out Dr. McGregor and Dr. Loughran with an orderly carrying a Red Cross flag, and instantly from all over the place sprang up Turks out of their trenches waving white flags, white rags, and Red Crescent pennants.

The doctors called back that the enemy wanted an armistice for the burying of their dead (at this time there were quite 5,000 of their dead lying in front of our trenches), so I asked for a staff officer to come forward, and a very smart young Turkish officer, smartly dressed, came up and spoke in very good French. I told him I had no power to treat, that this would have to be arranged between the Army Corps commanders and with proper Articles of Armistice; that his commander

had better send an accredited parlementaire under a white flag along the beach from Gaba Tepe to meet our parlementaire half-way, to discuss the matter.

THIS was at four-thirty, and I gave them ten minutes to get all their men back into their trenches or we should fire on them. That same night General Birdwood sent out a letter to General Liman von Sanders practically repeating the terms of my offer, and sure enough next day a meeting took place and drew up an agreement for an armistice from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. on May 24. It would

take too long to describe all the details of it. Suffice it to say that the Turks observed all the rules most punctiliously, even better than we did.

I will give you one instance of this. While I was up on Pope's Hill with General Godley [Major-Gen. Sir Alexander Godley, commanding "Anzac" Division], we noticed a Turk about 100 yards away trying to repair a loophole in a Turkish trench. We signed to a Turkish officer, pointing to it, and he at once understood and ran over to the man and gave him a sound belting with a stick. He then returned to us and still in sign language, with a polite

salute, expressed his regrets at the stupidity of the soldier, and then very politely intimated that he would esteem it a favour if we refrained from using our field-glasses (because, of course, doing so would give us an unfair advantage). The burying went on all day, and precisely at five we were all at it again hammer and tongs; and now there are several thousand more of their dead for them to bury. . . .

Anzac, June 22, 1915.

I am the only brigadier of the whole crowd at Anzac who has not been disabled in some way: [Brig.-Gen. H. N.] MacLaurin killed, [Lt.-Gen. Hon. Sir J. W.] M'Cay wounded in the knee, [Major-Gen. E.] Sinclair-Maclagan completely knocked out with nerve strain, [Lt.-Gen. Sir H.] Chauve' has pleurisy, Hughes has ptomaine poisoning, and [Brig.-Gen.] F. Johnston has

OVER THE CLIFFS OF HELLES

Above the steep cliffs of Cape Helles, which the first troops to land in Gallipoli had to storm with terrible losses, there is fairly level ground covered with scrub and undergrowth but affording no cover. Men of the R.N.D. are seen in this really remarkable photograph advancing on the open ground after the cliffs had been won. They are wearing the drill uniforms and pith helmets which the high temperatures in Gallipoli made advisable.





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THEY WILL BE READY WHEN THE TIME COMES

These two men are manning a machine-gun nest in the trenches at Gallipoli in April 1915. Cut through the sandy soil, the trench affords good protection against anything but a direct hit. In the shadow beneath the sandbagged parapet is their weapon—a machine-gun—and a belt of cartridges is being carefully prepared so that there will be no hitch when the next attack comes.

a touch of mild enteric. So I am the only brigade commander who has kept going since the beginning without a break. I eat very sparingly, drink only boiled water, and take plenty of exercise, so that I never feel either discomfort or fatigue. The weather is now very warm, although the nights are deliciously cool; but the flies are dreadful, and make life between eleven and four a real burden.

We manage to make ourselves fairly comfortable in our bivouacs. My home is a hole in the side of the hill, about 6 feet by 7 feet and 4 feet deep. The sides are built up with sandbags and the roof consists of three waterproof sheets lashed together. Biscuit-boxes serve as tables, chairs, cupboards and other furniture. I have my valise to sleep on, and get a daily bath out of a canvas bucket with a sponge; and at rarer intervals a dip in the sea. We dine in the open, and our cook, now that we have an occasional issue of flour, does us quite well. . . .

Anzac, June 27, 1915.

For the birthday greetings which I know are on the way from you all, I

send, in anticipation, my very grateful thanks. Although I know your thoughts are with me today, and that you will be worrying because my fiftieth birthday will be left without celebration, yet I am sure it will please you to know that I have by no means been forgotten.

THE fact got about somehow, and General Godley sent me a birthday cake, cooked by Lady Godley (who is running a Convalescent Home in Alexandria). All my C.O.s lined up at my dugout at 6 a.m. to congratulate me and shake my hand, the Army Service Corps sent me a present of tobacco and matches (a most welcome gift; wooden matches at 1s. a small box), Norman Young gave me a bottle of champagne, 14th Battalion sent collective greetings, and the headquarters cook scoured around and prepared for me a specially sumptuous four-course dinner. All day long officers from near and far came to

wish me happy returns—so that, with the feeling that I have earned the good wishes of so many people, I have really had a very happy birthday under the circumstances.

ONE of my company commanders in the 13th Battalion was field officer for the day, and had to go around the bivouacs to inspect the cleanliness. We are all so crowded in this steep valley that the companies and battalions are somewhat mixed up. He came upon a quartermaster's store and kitchen. "Disgraceful!" quoth he. "Never saw such a mess! Don't your platoon commander supervise you? What must your company commander be thinking of? Don't he come near you to see such a mess? What company do you belong to?" The terrified cook stared blankly at him. "Can't you answer me? What company do you belong to?" "Yours, sir," said the cook.

MOUNTAINS of DEAD in VALLEYS of MYRTLE

by The Hon. Aubrey Herbert

AFTER some time in hospital on account of a serious wound incurred near Compiègne at the beginning of the war (see 'Locusts of Steel,' pages 129-132), the Hon. Aubrey Herbert was passed fit for active service and was sent to Gallipoli, taking part in the first landing. In this chapter he describes life on the Peninsula during the summer of 1915 and gives a detailed account of the armistice referred to by General Monash in page 392

FROM the third week in May to the third week in June was the kernel of our time at Anzac. We had grown accustomed to think of the place as home, and of the conditions of our life as natural and permanent. . .

During this month we were not greatly troubled. The men continued to make the trenches impregnable, and were contented. It was in some ways a curiously happy time.

The New Zealanders and the Australians were generally clothed by the sunlight, which fitted them better than

any tailor, with a red-brown skin, and only on ceremonial occasions did they wear their belts and accoutrements.

Our sport was bathing, and the Brotherhood of the Bath was rudely democratic. There was at Anzac a singularly benevolent officer, but for all his geniality a strong disciplinarian, devoted to military observances. He was kind to all the world, not forgetting himself, and he had developed a kindly figure. No insect could resist his contours. Fleas and bugs made passionate love to him, invading his white skin

with a wonderful red mosaic. One day he undressed and, leaving nothing of his dignity with his uniform, he mingled superbly with the crowd of bathers. Instantly he received a hearty blow upon his tender red and white shoulder, and a cordial greeting from some democrat of Sydney or of Wellington: "Old man, you've been amongst the biscuits!" He drew himself up to rebuke this presumption, then dived for the sea; for, as he said, "What's the good of telling one naked man to salute another naked man, especially when neither have got their caps?"

This month was marked by a feature that is rare in modern warfare. We had an armistice for the burial of the dead, which is described in the diary.

On the Peninsula we were extremely anxious for an armistice for many reasons. We wished, on all occasions, to be able to get our wounded in after a fight, and we believed—or, at least, the writer was confident—that an arrangement could be come to. We were also very anxious to bury our dead. Rightly or wrongly, we thought that G.H.Q., living on its perfumed island, did not consider how great was the abomination of life upon the cramped and stinking battlefield that was our encampment, though this was not a charge that any man would have dreamed of bringing against Sir Ian Hamilton. . . .

Friday, May 21, 1915. *Kaba Tepe.*

SAW Sir Ian Hamilton again this morning. The Turks are said to have put up a white flag, and to have massed behind it in their trenches, intending to rush us. Left with four "Arcadians."

There was a parley yesterday while I was away. The Turks had put up some white flags, but it was not a case of bad faith, as the "Arcadians" believed. We are said to have shot one Red Crescent man by mistake. General Walker went out to talk to the Turks, just like that. Both sides had, apparently, been frightened. I walked back to Reserve Gully with the general, to see the new brigade. The evening sun was shining on the myrtles in all the gullies, and the new brigade was singing and whistling up and down the hills, while fires crackled everywhere.

Saturday, May 22, 1915. *Kaba Tepe.*

S. B. [a friend of the author] was sent out yesterday to talk to the Turks, but he did not take a white flag with him, and was sniped and bruised. . . . This morning, suddenly, I was sent for. S. B. and I hurried along the beach and crossed the barbed wire entanglements. We went along by the sea, through heavy showers of rain, and at last met a fierce Arab officer and a



THE NAVAL DIVISION WELL DUG IN

These men of the Royal Naval Division are in a front line trench at Gallipoli in April 1915. The Division was about 11,000 strong and consisted of Royal Marines from Chatham, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Deal, and the Drake, Hood, Nelson, Howe, and Anson Battalions of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. After the withdrawal from Gallipoli they fought with equal valour in many actions on the Western Front.

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SUCCOUR FOR ANZACS—FROM HELL TO HOSPITAL

As the Gallipoli campaign continued, the evacuation of the wounded became an increasingly pressing need and ships were brought near the Peninsula to take away the long and almost ceaseless stream of casualties. Transport between the ships and shore was only possible by means of shallow-draught lighters owing to the slowly shelving coast, a feature that complicated an already difficult task. In this photograph a lighter is seen alongside a hospital ship with stretcher cases and walking wounded awaiting their removal.



COOL LUXURY AFTER DAYS OF TORMENT

After the storming and capture of the beaches at Gallipoli, the British forces consolidated their positions, though only with the greatest difficulty. For weeks and months they endured the discomfort of stifling heat by day, the cold at night, and the ever-present menace of the enemy snipers and artillery fire.



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Lucky indeed were these men who were able to bathe in the sea at Helles. Away from the inadequate, bullet-swept trenches and the shallow dug-outs inland, the troops enjoyed these bathing parades to the full in spite of the danger of shell-fire on some of the beaches.



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SHE WENT DOWN IN SEVEN MINUTES—A GALLIPOLI DISASTER

The sinking of the battleship Majestic off Cape Helles on May 27, 1915, was due to the skill and daring of the commander of the German submarine U 21. With her torpedo nets out, the Majestic was anchored as close inshore as possible in a berth that seemed perfectly safe. The History of Naval Operations relates how a periscope was seen within 400 yards of her and a torpedo was observed coming through one of the few gaps in the screen of transports. It was an accurate shot and struck the Majestic amidships. Another followed, and in seven minutes the Majestic, once the pride of the Channel Fleet, capsized and sank. Fortunately nearly all the officers and men were saved



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wandery-looking Turkish lieutenant. We sat and smoked in fields splendid with poppies, the sea glittering by us.

Then Kemal Bey arrived and went into Anzac with S. B., while I went off as hostage.

S. B. and Kemal Bey, as they went, provided the Australian escort with much innocent laughter. Our barbed wire down to the sea consisted only of a few light strands, over which the Turk was helped by having his legs raised high for him. S. B., however, wished him, as he was blindfolded, to believe that this defence went on for at least twenty yards. So the Turk was made to do an enormously high, stiff goose-step over the empty air for that space, as absurd a spectacle to our men as I myself was to be, later, to the Turks. The Australians were almost sick from internal laughter.

Diary. Kemal Bey asked for a hostage, and I went out. They bandaged my eyes, and I mounted a horse and rode off with Sahib Bey. We went along by the sea for some time, for I could hear the waves. Then we went round and round—to puzzle me, I suppose—and ended up in a tent in a grove of olives, where they took the handkerchief off, and Sahib Bey said:

VITAL WIRES AND EAGER EARS
The establishment of communication between General and Divisional Headquarters, the scattered fighting areas and supporting naval vessels, was one of the many tasks that had to be maintained without respite by the land forces at Gallipoli. Here is a scene inside a divisional headquarters signals tent on the Peninsula where signallers dispatched and received by wireless and land wires the laconic but vital messages of warfare.

"This is the beginning of a lifelong friendship." . . .

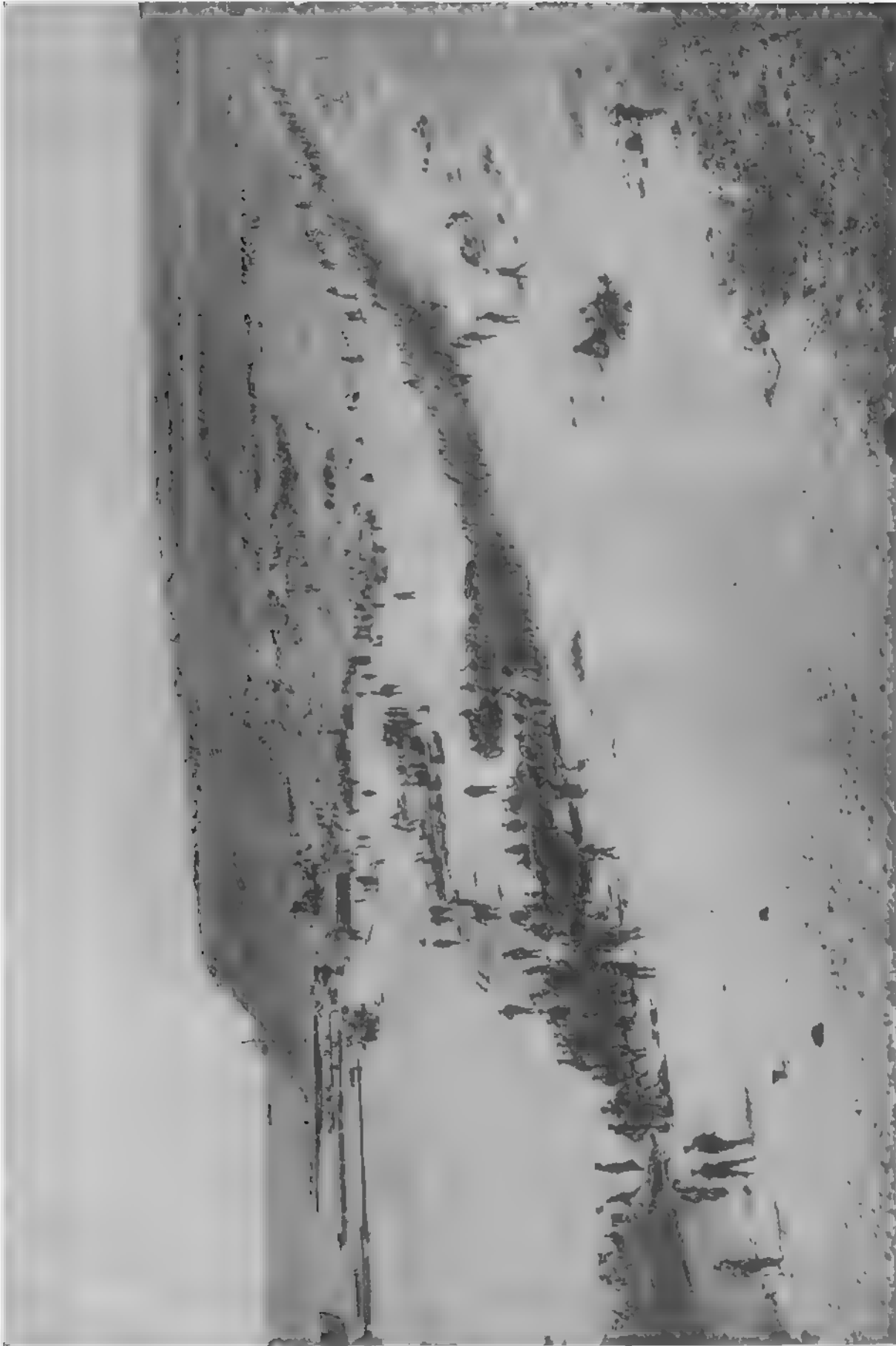
We had cheese and tea and coffee, Sahib Bey offering to eat first to show me that it was all right, which I said was nonsense. He said: "It may not be political economy, but there are some great advantages in war. It's very comfortable when there are no exports, because it means that all the things stay at home and are very cheap." He tried to impress me with their well-being. He said he hated all politicians and had sworn never to read the papers. The Turks had come sadly into the war against us, otherwise gladly. They wanted to regain the prestige that they had lost in the Balkans. . . .

He said, after I had talked to him: "There are many of us who think like you, but we must obey. We know that you are just and that Moslems thrive under you, but you have made cruel mistakes by us, the taking of those two ships and the way in which they were taken." He asked me a few

questions, which I put aside. He had had a conversation with Dash the day before, when we parleyed. Dash is a most innocent creature. He had apparently told him that G.H.Q. was an awful bore, and also the number of Turkish prisoners we had taken. . . .

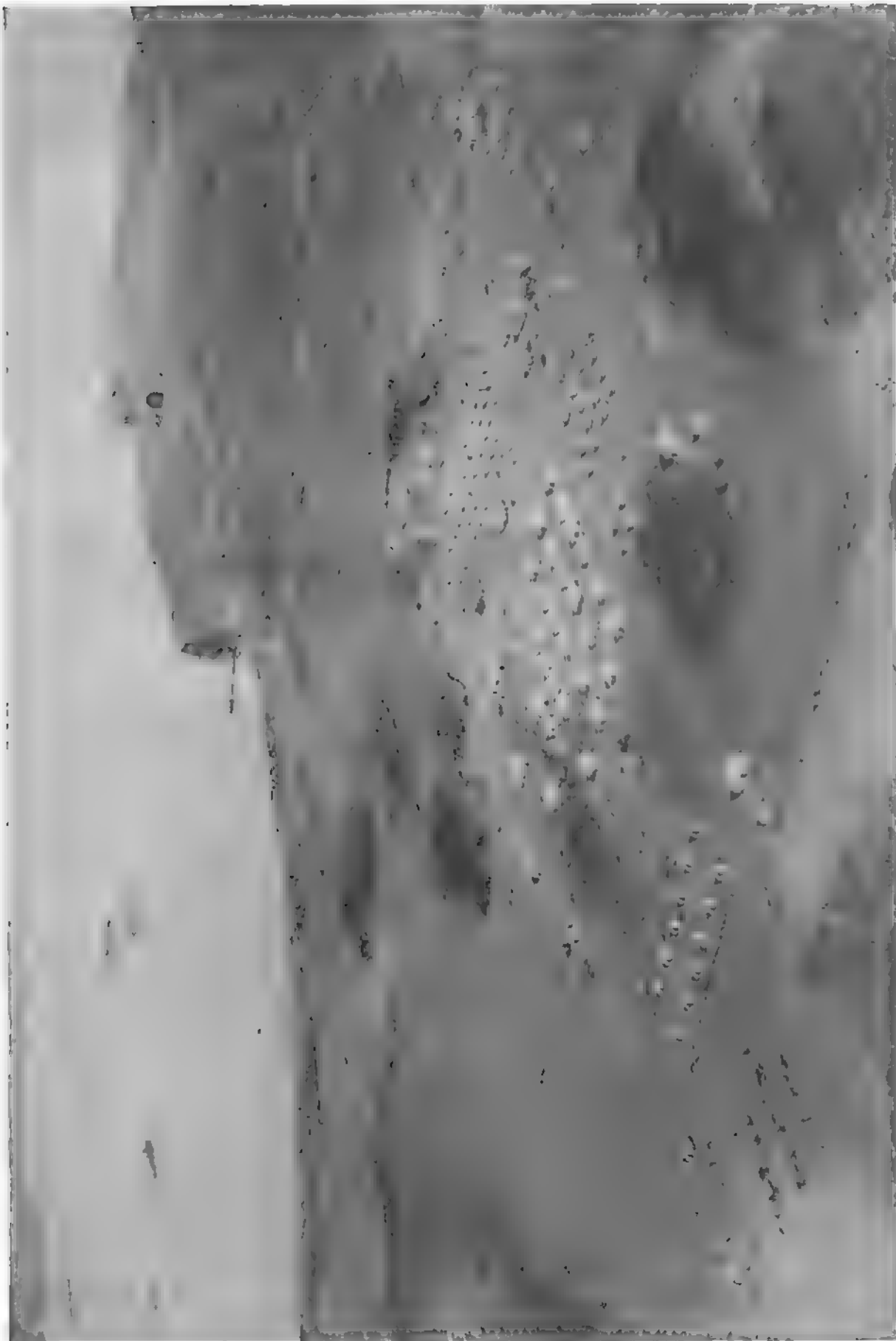
Tuesday, May 25, 1915. Kaba Tepe.

We had the truce yesterday. I was afraid something might go wrong, but it all went off all right. Skeen, Blamey (now Brigadier-General, Australian Forces), Howse, V.C. (now Surgeon-General and Director-General, Medical Services of Australia), Hough and I started early. Skeen offered me breakfast, but, like a fool, I refused. He put some creosote on my handkerchief. We were at the rendezvous on the beach at 6.30. Heavy rain soaked us to the skin. At 7.30 we met the Turks, Miralai Izzedin, a pleasant, rather sharp little man; Arif, the son of Achmet Pasha, who gave me a card, "Sculpteur et Peintre" and "Etudiant de Poésie." I saw Sahib and had a few words with



A BIG GUN FOR GALLIPOLI AT LAST

This remarkable photograph shows a big gun being landed at Cape Helles. Long lines of men of the Queen Elizabeth and the R.N.V.R. are dragging it from the beach to the high ground, no tractors being available. On the left is the lighter on which it was brought ashore. After the first landing, Cape Helles was the chief source of supply for the Gallipoli force. Guns, stores, rations, everything that the troops required, were landed there on specially built quays. At the time when this photograph was taken the beach was shelled every evening by the Turks. A little below the tents half-way up the slope is a grave where five officers and eighty-two men were buried.



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WHERE THE FATE OF THOUSANDS WAS DECIDED: G.H.Q. AT KEPHALOS

During the landing at Gallipoli Sir Ian Hamilton's headquarters was on board H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth, but on April 30 it was transferred to the transport Arcadian. At the end of May, when the position had become stabilized, G.H.Q. was again transferred, this time to the shore at Kephalos Bay, seen above, where it remained until the later months of the campaign. The tents occupied by the General and his staff are in the centre of the camp. In the distance can be seen the hangar of the airship Silver Baby.

him, but he did not come with us. Fahreddin Bey came later.

We walked from the sea and passed immediately up the hill, through a field of tall corn filled with poppies, then another cornfield; then the fearful smell of death began as we came upon scattered bodies.

We mounted over a plateau and down through gullies filled with thyme, where there lay about 4,000 Turkish dead. It was indescribable. One was grateful for the rain and the grey sky. A Turkish Red Crescent man came and gave me some antiseptic wool with scent on it, and this they renewed frequently.

THERE were two wounded crying in that multitude of silence. The Turks were distressed, and Skeen strained a point to let them send water to the first wounded man, who must have been a sniper crawling home. I walked over to the second, who lay with a high circle of dead that made a mound round him, and gave him a drink from my water-bottle, but Skeen called me to come on, and I had to leave the bottle. Later a Turk gave it back to me.

The Turkish captain with me said: "At this spectacle even the most gentle must feel savage, and the most savage must weep." The dead fill acres of ground, mostly killed in the one big attack, but some recently. They fill the myrtle-grown gullies.

One saw the result of machine-gun fire very clearly; entire companies annihilated—not wounded, but killed, their heads doubled under them with the impetus of their rush and both hands clasping their bayonets. It was as if God had breathed in their faces, as "the Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold."

THE line was not easy to settle. Neither side wanted to give its position or its trenches away. At the end Skeen agreed that the Turks had been fair. We had not been going very long when we had a message to say that the Turks were entrenching at Johnson's Jolly. Skeen had, however, just been there and seen that they were doing nothing at all. He left me at Quinn's Post, looking at the communication trench through which I had spoken to the Turks. Corpses and dead men blown to bits everywhere. Richards was with me part of the time: easy to get on with; also a gentleman called indifferently by the men Mr. or Major Tibbs.

A good deal of friction at first. The trenches were ten to fifteen yards apart. Each side was on the *qui vive* for treachery. In one gully the dead had got to be left unburied. It was impossible to bury them without one side seeing the position of the other. In the

Turkish parapet there were many bodies buried. Fahreddin told Skeen he wanted to bury them, "but," he said, "we cannot take them out without putting something in their place." Skeen agreed, but said that this concession was not to be taken advantage of to repair the trench. This was a difficult business.

When our people complained that the Turks were making loopholes, they invited me into their trench to look. Then the Turks said that we were stealing their rifles; this came from the dead land where we could not let them go. I went down, and when I got back, very hot, they took my word for it that we were not. There was some trouble because we were always crossing each other's lines. I talked to the Turks, one of whom pointed to the graves. "That's politics," he said. Then he pointed to the dead bodies and said: "That's diplomacy. God pity all of us poor soldiers."

STRANGE BURIAL SERVICE

MUCH of this business was ghastly to the point of nightmare. I found a hardened old Albanian chaoush and got him to do anything I wanted. Then a lot of other Albanians came up, and I said: "Tunya tyeta." (The usual Albanian greeting.) I had met some of them in Janina. They began clapping me on the back and cheering while half a dozen funeral services were going on all round, conducted by the chaplains. I had to stop them. I asked them if they did not want an Imam for a service over their own dead, but the old Albanian pagan roared with laughter and said that their souls were all right. They could look after themselves. Not many signs of fanaticism. One huge, savage-looking Anatolian looked curses at me. Greeks came up and tried to surrender to me, but were ordered back by the Turks pretty roughly.

Considering the number of their men we had killed, they remained extraordinarily unmoved and polite. They wouldn't have, if we had been Russians. Blamey came to say that Skeen had lost H. and wanted me, so he, Arif and I walked to the sea. The burying had not been well done. It was sometimes impossible to do it. . . . As we went, we took our rifles from the Turkish side, minus their bolts, and gave the Turks their rifles in the same way. . . .

Our men gave cigarettes to the Turks, and beyond the storm-centre at Quinn's Post the feeling was all right. We sat down and sent men to look for Skeen. Arif was nervous and almost rude. Then Skeen came. He told me to get back as quickly as possible to Quinn's Post, as

I said I was nervous at being away, and to retire the troops at 4 and the white-flag men at 4.15. I said to Arif: "Everybody's behaved very well. Now we must take care that nobody loses his head. Your men won't shoot you and my men won't shoot me, so we must walk about, otherwise a gun will go off and everybody will get shot." But Arif faded away.

I GOT back as quickly as possible.

Blamey went away on the left. I then found that the Turks' time was eight minutes ahead of ours, and put on our watches. The Turks asked me to witness their taking the money from their dead, as they had no officer there. They were very worried by having no officer, and asked me if any one were coming. I, of course, had no idea, but I told them I would see that they were all right. They were very patient. . . .

The burying was finished some time before the end. There were certain tricks on both sides.

Our men and the Turks began fraternizing, exchanging badges, etc. I had to keep them apart. At 4 o'clock the Turks came to me for orders. I do not believe this could have happened anywhere else. I retired their troops and ours, walking along the line. At 4.7 I retired the white-flag men, making them shake hands with our men. Then I came to the upper end. About a dozen Turks came out. I chaffed them, and said that they would shoot me next day. They said, in a horrified chorus: "God forbid!" The Albanians laughed and cheered, and said, "We will never shoot you."

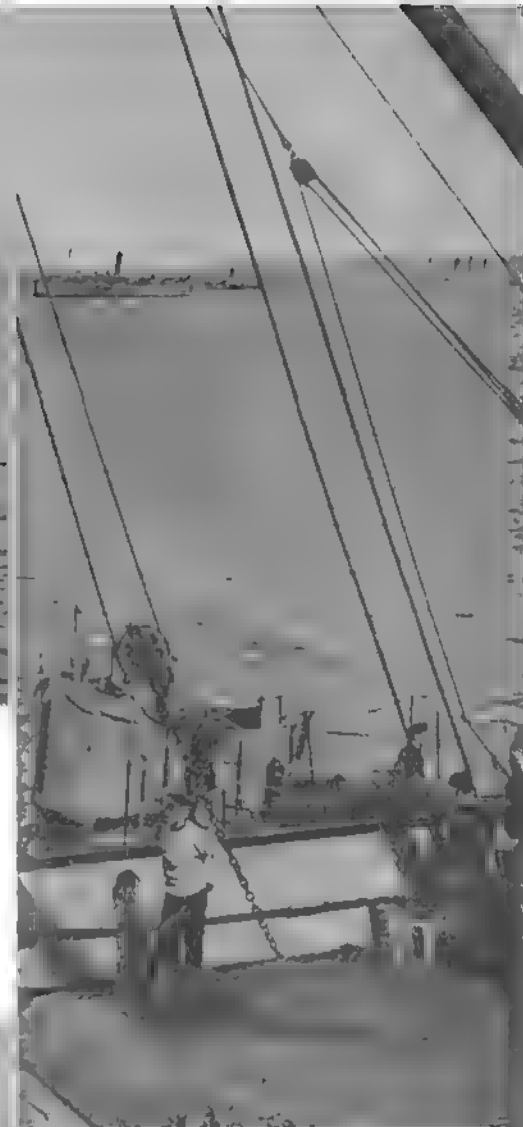
END OF AN INTERLUDE

THEN the Australians began coming up, and said: "Good-bye, old chap; good luck!" And the Turks said: "Oghur Ola gule gule gedejekseniz, gule gule gelejekseniz." (Smiling may you go and smiling come again.) Then I told them all to get into their trenches, and unthinkingly went up to the Turkish trench and got a deep salaam from it. I told them that neither side would fire for twenty-five minutes after they had got into the trenches. One Turk was seen out away on our left, but there was nothing to be done, and I think he was all right. A couple of rifles had gone off about twenty minutes before the end, but Potts and I went hurriedly to and fro seeing it was all right. At last we dropped into our trenches, glad that the strain was over. I walked back with Temperley. I got some raw whisky for the infection in my throat, and iodine for where the barbed wire had torn my feet. There was a hush over the Peninsula. . . .



THEY WON THEIR V.C.s UNDER THE DARDANELLES

The commanders of two submarines were awarded the V.C. for daring exploits in the Dardanelles: they were Lieutenant N. D. Holbrook of submarine B 11, and Lieutenant-Commander M. E. Nasmith of submarine E 11. In the photograph above, men of the destroyer Grampus are cheering Lieut.-Commander Nasmith and his brave crew after their daring exploit in August 1915, when they penetrated into the Straits and sank the Turkish battleship Barbarousse-Haireddine. Right, B 11, which dived under five lines of Turkish mines in the entrance to the Straits and torpedoed the Turkish cruiser Messudieh, is seen alongside her depot ship. Lieutenant Holbrook is wearing a white sweater. Below is Lieut.-Commander Nasmith with the crew on board his submarine. He is the centre figure standing on the conning tower.





CHANGE OF SCENE AT DEADLY 'V' BEACH

When the British made their assault at "V" beach on the morning of April 25, 1915, that stretch of sand upon the Gallipoli Peninsula became the scene of a monstrous holocaust as the Turks poured rifle and machine-gun fire into the midst of the hapless landing parties. Yet within a few weeks the place took on the comparatively peaceful aspect shown in this photograph. With the Turkish troops forced farther inland the storm in the area died out, and there arose a depot crammed with men and the accoutrements of war.

I Was a BOY at GALLIPOLI

Young Terrier's Story of Cape Helles

by Pte. Fred T. Wilson

MANY a stirring tale has been told in these pages by sturdy war veterans. By way of contrast, this account of his experiences at Gallipoli is furnished by one who was scarcely more than a boy at the time. Pte. Wilson saw four and a half years' active service with the 1/6th Manchester Regt. (T.F.), and when, after eight months' service in Egypt, he landed at Cape Helles in May 1915, one of the first Territorials in the front line, he was barely 18 years old

WHEN the Territorials in 1914 were asked to volunteer for active service, I went with the others. I left England in September 1914, when I was seventeen years old.

We embarked at Southampton in the s.s. Corsican, and reached Alexandria seventeen days later.

In Alexandria and Cairo eight months went by and my experiences were varied. War seemed very distant, the Egyptians themselves appeared to be quite unmoved by our presence or the reason of our coming. I am afraid we didn't get their true opinions.

It seemed to me in those days that the main idea in the Army was to get you as fed-up as possible, so that you welcomed any change. They caught us in this mood when orders came to embark for Gallipoli; so lustily we sang all the way from Cairo to Alexandria, sitting in cattle trucks, regulating the beat of the song to the clip of the wheels.

At Alexandria, after hours of delay, we embarked on a captured German liner, the Derfflinger. Iron plates above, iron plates below, and riveted iron plates each side, bordered our bedroom. Closed and covered portholes kept out light and air, the darkness being partially relieved by a few electric globes in cages. In this half-light, confusion attended the hanging of our hammocks as we tripped and fell over bits of unfamiliar ship's tackle. All this appeared more ridiculous when we slept on deck owing to the heat down below. We slept as we were. Nobody thought of undressing.

FOR three days and three nights four men lived where one would have been cramped in that iron-cased floating stinkhole, eating badly cooked food and drinking warm water. By the night of the third day, as we neared Gallipoli, we were in the mood for anything. We'd fight anybody for anything; we didn't care what.

Looking towards the land, we could see flashes here and there and hear

intermittent firing, punctuated occasionally by the boom of heavy guns. Rumours were numerous, but the only one that proved true was that we disembarked that night. With all lights out, we crept slowly in towards the land, alongside the River Clyde, and were taken ashore in flat-bottomed barges. Everything was quiet, as though the guns were silenced to give us welcome. It was raining. Raining as it can only in the East. The barges grounded and we got no wetter by wading ashore. Everything was in a wonderful state of chaos. Nobody met us. Friend or foe could have done what we did. It was May 1915, and the Gallipoli campaign was new. Soaked kits are heavier than dry ones, and we were glad to lie down on a cliff-top, in the pouring rain and mud, and sleep.

MY FIRST SIGHT OF DEATH

THE sun shone in the morning and we looked round. We were all eager for information, and this was given to us readily by a few wounded Lancashire Fusiliers from the front line.

Cape Helles, where we had landed, was the general stepping-off place, and a mile of land had been taken. The loss of life had been out of all proportion to this gain, due to the prepared positions of the Turks right down to the water edge, which enabled them to mow down our men with ridiculous ease. Very bitter were our informants as they related the hurried preparations for battle, the taking of practically impregnable positions, and the terrific hardships endured under a constant bombardment.

That morning we were treated to a new sight: a Turkish prisoner, bandaged about the head, lying on the ground, his face, hands and arms painted green, and wearing a green uniform. He had been shot down from a gun-nest in a tree, and, before he had been located, his accurate sniping had accounted for a considerable number of officers. Now he was slowly dying.

His eyes searched our faces, and no doubt read pity there—the pity that goes out to a dog with a broken leg. We had not yet acquired the callousness of war veterans.

Enemy aircraft kept us on the move all that morning. They seemed to have command of the skies. No airmen of ours challenged their activities. A few anti-aircraft guns tried to bring them down, but did no apparent damage.

More troops arrived during the day and it was interesting to watch them land under heavy shell-fire that sank a few barges and scattered us on land as they fell short of the water. The daily bathing parade in the sea continued, however, and the shelling did not seem to upset the troops swimming about near the beach.

THE OLD HAND KNEW

THAT afternoon we paraded ready for a move up towards the front line. A shell blew away a few of our men in the rear company, then, regardless of procedure, we turned right and "Follow me!" was sufficient for the moment. The leading officer was an old hand.

He knew the way or we might have marched straight into the enemy. A series of gullies, about 50 feet deep, one joining with another, ran in all directions, and up and down these we twisted and turned for about three hours, stopping occasionally for rest. At dusk we were told to stand easy until further orders were received. We were then on a lip on one side of a gully about 500 yards from the front line. As night advanced the flies left us. Then the shelling became more intense and rifles and machine-guns helped to swell the noise. After an hour this subsided and the gully became full of other sounds. The small stream that ran in the bed, full of slime and blood-coloured in patches, was full of frogs. Hundreds of them, all croaking together. Very weird and uncanny this was in the darkness and unnatural silence. We trod on them as we moved off, but the croaking continued.

We now heard officially that we were to relieve the New Zealanders in the front-line trench, and, led by the same officer, we pushed off in a long single file.

The communication trenches from the front line went back about ten yards, then a dash over open country before one reached the shelter of a gully. Leaving the gully, we had now to cross this open space before we could drop into the communication trenches. Only about 200 yards. Not far, we thought, but a long way when under fire. Here we got our first small taste of war.



Central Press

ONE OF GALLIPOLI'S FEW RESPITES

The lot of the soldiers in Gallipoli was in some ways harder than that of those in France and Flanders, for there were no rests in billets and no opportunities for the simple pleasures which even a small village behind the Western Front afforded. In Gallipoli a swim in the sea or such a quiet game of cards as these men are enjoying was the only respite from the bitter fighting and privations of the front line.

The enemy guessed a relief was taking place, for their machine-guns found us, and as the whine of bullets became more marked, we were ordered to lie down. I lost my first friend at that moment, and it was hard to realize he would never again share with me the things we both enjoyed. As I flopped down, my equipment falling on top of me, I felt the handle of a spade on the ground.

INSTINCTIVELY I covered my head with the spade end and, burying my ear in the mud, felt very well protected. I saw the man in front of me lying still with head well down, and waited with him for the next move. It came in the shape of a sergeant who, crawling up to both of us, wanted to know why the hell we didn't follow the others—we were keeping back all the men behind. I realized then my mistake in waiting for the man in front, and, crawling over him, I caught up with the others, who had waited after the break had been noticed. One by one we dropped into the communication trench with a splash. Last night's rain still lingered, finding no outlet. No comfort or safety was to be found in the trenches in those early days. Sandbags had not arrived. Dug-up dirt thrown out served as a shield from bullets, a shield that fell in when rain came, and a roughly cut step in the side of the trench served for a seat. We slept on the floor of the trench or

propped up along the side. In the blackness of the night we stumbled and splashed along the trench. All we could do was to obey orders, and if we received none we thought we were doing right. We didn't know where we were or what might happen next. There was an awful din and the order for absolute silence had to be shouted from man to man!

A stream of men going in the opposite direction ploughed their way through the mud past us—the New Zealanders going out. It was a tight squeeze and many a curse

followed us as we tripped over one another or bumped them into the sides of the trench.

The guns were silent again now, and upon arriving at our appointed stations word came down the line to fire "fifteen rounds rapid" at the enemy trench. With fingers cold, wet, and fumbling, we loaded, fired as quickly as we could and got a volley in reply. This was our first shooting at the enemy even if we could see nothing, and proved so exciting that our discomfort was forgotten. The New Zealanders had now gone, and we Territorials held the line, or rather our part of it, for the first time. A great honour, and we meant, if possible, to do all we could to uphold that honour.

By dawn, having "stood to" all the night, we were tired and hungry, and thought nothing much of the honour thrust upon us, but as the day became brighter we found interest enough in having a peep over the thrown-up dirt at the part of the landscape occupied by the Turk, and at the chaotic condition of No Man's Land.

Barbed wire there certainly was, but it hung in shreds from wooden posts, and nearer to us a small trickle of water flowed alongside the trench, coming through the trench side a little lower down. In this, opposite to where I stood, lay a couple of dead Turks. There was no need to tell us not to drink this water, but we had to later, after it had been boiled.

That day our time was taken up chiefly with making more comfortable the trench that served as a home, and in the days that followed there was no great excitement. . . .

Then a fifteen-hour bombardment by our guns commenced. The noise we now heard was terrific. A continual roar; thousands of big shells hurtling through the air at the same time. If more noise had been added it would have passed unnoticed, so great was the din, but the Turks did reply, as our casualties that night were very heavy. I was losing most of my friends. We were in the support trench at the time and received an order to carry ammunition for the gunners from the dumps. Dozens of us carried heavy shells through mud that was impassable for mules.

Instead of the fifteen hours, the bombardment lasted only seven hours. Ammunition had run out. There was only sufficient left for desultory shelling by our guns for one more day. The ammunition boats had not arrived according to schedule, and the bombardment took place, as we afterwards learned, to impress upon the enemy how well supplied we were with shells. A peculiar thing is war. The Turks could, this night, have driven us into the sea.

A WEEK later we advanced about fifty yards, half-way into No Man's Land, under a full moon. Our hectic digging with entrenching tools into the rock-like earth as we lay flat on the ground was a sporting chance given to the Turks to try a little sniping. Our barrage did not cover us well enough, and a large proportion of our men were killed. By dawn we were out of sight if we knelt down, and we did a lot of kneeling that day. We had no time that day to complete communication trenches back to the old line, so when the counter-attack came, no way of retreat was possible except over the intervening open high ground. Our guns got the range soon after the Turks attacked, but that didn't stop them, and, after a short hand-to-hand struggle, we had to give way.

It was a sorry retreat and our casualties, if not heavy, were ugly. I was surprised at what man is capable of enduring in a semi-conscious state; how he can stagger to safety, leaving parts of himself behind. When we got back our machine-guns opened fire and we laughed like maniacs as the Turkish advance crumpled and fell. That attack had failed.

So it went on, day after day, week after week; a bit forward here, a bit back there; very little ground gained and very little lost, but death always. Disease helped to swell the death-roll, but still the senseless game went on.

MEN INTO BEASTS

The Horrors of Anzac

by Digger Craven

DIGGER CRAVEN was in the Australian infantry during the weary months at Gallipoli. After the war he told his story to W. J. Blackledge, who transcribes it here. It has all the urgency of deeply recollected horror and provides a wonderful picture of the carnage and beastliness of the Mediterranean Campaign

SUDDENLY we were dragged from our diggings and thrust into the front line for an attack. This was the historic, ill-starred "demonstration" of the 28th of June. We in the trenches did not know then that this so-called attack was to be merely a "demonstration" to keep the enemy on our front while the 29th Division at Cape Helles made one more shot at capturing Achi Baba. It failed, but the Tommies on that front gained a thousand yards, and that was some victory for the Peninsula.

We attacked. Once out of the cover of our trenches and sap heads, and hell was let loose. Remember we made this attack after weeks of strain and drudgery, incessant trench warfare, listening-post duties, sentry duties, with every faculty on edge, existing with the perpetual head-bursting crack of snipers' bullets, the everlasting zoom and crash of shells tearing the nerves . . . We went into the attack crazed and stupefied with the heat, the stench, the fumes and dirt of belching shells. We were mad, stark, raving mad—out for blood, anybody's blood, anything to break the strain of that frightful tension.

It was the sort of thing that cannot be described. We met withering fire from the strongly entrenched Turks. We met newly wired positions. Men were trapped in the entangling barbs and shot to pieces while they struggled

to free themselves. We leapt into a narrow gully, and into it from underground trenches poured a massed horde of Turks, for all the world as if vomited out of the bowels of the earth by some volcanic eruption.

Thereafter an inferno of slaughtering underground with cold steel, an exhibition of savagery by tormented bodies, clusters and little groups at each other's throats in a confined area which so cramped our actions that we fought at the crouch, jabbing and sticking, yelling and cursing, choking the cries of "Allah! Allah!" with bayonet thrusts, trampling dead and wounded while we went forward to meet more and more figures coming out of the earth, till the ground seemed literally to be spawning Turks.

It was a swift, incredibly ferocious attack that availed us nothing—nothing,

that is, so far as we who participated in it could see. For we were commanded to retire, to fall back on our own lines. It was not to be an attack, but a demonstration! We got back into our own lines and cursed our commanders for sending us out there merely to bring us back again. We were told it was to help our mates down in the south. That "victory" down there by the 29th Division cost us in the north a few hundred more casualties. We might have been excused for wondering what the hell it was all about. I am convinced that war-worn and weary Anzacs were never quite the same after those "demonstrations."

As everyone now knows, Anzac was the key position of the whole Peninsula, for it faced the narrow waist leading to the Narrows of the Dardanelles. The 29th Division, together with the Naval Division and the French armies, beat themselves to death attacking six different and almost impregnable positions on the toe of the Peninsula! Thousands of men were thrown away in order to hold an utterly useless position. Instead of demonstrating at Anzac, we should have concentrated our main attack there and used the worthless Cape Helles position for feints and demonstrations. Once astride the Peninsula from Anzac to the Narrows, all the Turks in the south right down to the toe would have been trapped, cut off from their base and source of supplies.

INSTEAD of which we frittered away our forces on no fewer than nine different fronts from Suvla Point in the north to "S" Beach in the south. That victory of a thousand yards could not be followed up because those responsible were starving the Gallipoli campaign of both men and munitions. It began as a muddle and it went on in the same fashion. More than a month was to pass before that victory could be followed up. During that time Johnny built himself new and stronger



ONE MORE POINT GAINED

While the Royal Naval Division were taking White House, seen in page 381, on May 6, 1915, British and French troops captured another position known as Brown House, seen in the photograph above. The Turks have fallen back and arms have been stacked, while beside the ruined wall a "flag wagger" is transmitting his message.

Imperial War Museum

trenches, and generally fortified his position. He did more. He rebuilt his army. The beaten and war-weary troops were withdrawn and reinforcements from the "very pick and flower of the Turkish Empire" took over the task of keeping the Allies hanging perilously to the edge of the cliffs round the coast.

With that demonstration at Anzac we started up trouble. At midnight of June 29-30, Johnny made his counter-attack. Enver Pasha sent an army of 30,000 strong "to drive the foreigners into the sea or never look upon his face again." The foreigners being us, the Anzacs, the "savages from the South Seas," as we learned from some of our prisoners.

They began the attack with a terrific artillery bombardment. The night was hideous with screaming of shells and the bellowing explosions. It seemed as if the whole of the Turkish artillery was

concentrated on our lines. Never before had they pounded us with such a blasting volume of shot and shell. Some of our underground works were stove in, parapets were blown away in dense clouds of dust and flying debris. The fumes from the shells were so thick that men could not see, could not use their eyes, for they smarted and watered as if in a gas attack. But this was no gas attack. Johnny was throwing all he had at us. We knew what that meant. He was going to attack.

We were standing to on the fire-step, waiting . . . It can be an agony, that waiting, while the shells shriek and roar and crash all around. It can be hell. It was a date one long to be remembered. It was a hellish date—as bad as anything that ever happened in my little orbit of the campaign.

Then they came—with "Allah" on their tongues and fiendish lust in their black eyes—dense masses of them racing towards us over No Man's Land,

shoulder to shoulder. We bombed them, shelled them, shattered them with rifle-fire, shot great gaps into their massed ranks. They broke, wavered, went down in thousands. Others came up and took their places, tumbling and staggering over the dead and wounded, yelling of their faith, screaming every sort of dirty imprecation at the Christian dogs whom they would now drive into the sea.

AND all we had to do was to stand firm and pot at them, knock them over like grotesque dummies in an Aunt Sally stall. There never was such slaughter on any front, never were so many killed and wounded in the short space of one night. It seemed to us in those dark hours before the dawn that we could not kill fast enough, for swiftly as we shot them down there were always others to take the gaps. They came on, drew nearer our lines. They were most definitely advancing. It appeared at one time that nothing could hold back the massed yelling hordes. Hundreds were brought to their knees within a few yards of our parapet. Bombs were thrown back and forth

EXIT FROM THE MAJOR SCENE

While the struggle between British and Turks ebbed and flowed across the sun-scorched ground of the Gallipoli Peninsula, lighters and other craft bore away their pathetic cargoes of gravely wounded men from the scene of action. In this photograph Australian casualties are shown aboard a native boat that is standing by awaiting their transfer to a hospital ship. A lighter alongside a hospital ship is seen in page 395.





Our tunnelling had not been in vain. We had at that time a number of "T" saps shooting out from under our front line trenches into No Man's Land. Each of these was built by mining underground straight out for several yards, then opening up with a cross-head like the head of the letter "T." The enemy stumbled into these camouflaged sap heads as they neared our lines and were terribly butchered before they had time to get over their surprise.

THAT underground fighting at Anzac was a little war of its own. It was a war in which the unwary Turk never had a chance to hit back. He fell in—in heaps, was clubbed or struck before he could rise to his knees. In some parts of the Anzac front there was a perfect network of tunnels, an entirely new sort of firing line prepared underground and complete with barbed wire entanglements. Bunches of the enemy were trapped in these—their unwary entry being the signal for a shower of bombs that blew them sky-high.

By dawn it was all over. Johnny retired. His wonderful army of 30,000 strong was utterly defeated with the loss of a quarter of its strength—be-

The splendid fighting spirit of the Australian troops and their tenacity and unshaken courage in the face of the innumerable dangers which beset them later are moving highlights in the story of the Gallipoli campaign. Here is a photograph taken aboard one of the warships which carried those gallant "Diggers" and others of the expeditionary force across the Aegean Sea towards the grim Peninsula from which so many never returned.

BOUND FOR BEACHES OF DEATH

tween seven and eight thousand killed and wounded. For many days afterwards we could hear the screams of the wounded, slowly dying out there of thirst and torturing wounds. Wherever there was movement a merciful shot went home, another son of Allah went to his maker.

It was there that Turkey's famous 18th Regiment was wiped out and Mustafa Kemal, who was later to become Dictator of Turkey, was disgraced by Enver Pasha.

From then onwards Gallipoli was an open graveyard. It stank. No man can recall that campaign without sickening again at the stench. Dead lay around the trenches and between the lines, friend and foe rotting in the sun. The incessant tunnelling of both sides had drawn us closer together. In some parts we were less than eighty yards from each other. That meant a never-ending watch, never to relax for a second. Sentry duty at these points

was a ghastly nerve strain, a perpetual agony with every faculty on edge, so that men had to be relieved at very short intervals.

AND as the summer advanced the conditions grew worse and worse. Dysentery took a very heavy toll. Water was scarce and strictly rationed. There were increasing cases of jaundice. There were septic sores, unclean ulcers, rat bites that nothing seemed to heal, and lice beyond all human control. The trenches were always full of black flies.

We cursed the sun and the flies and the lice as enemies more terrible than the Turks.

Despite all our energetic efforts at keeping our habitations in the ground clean, we could do nothing against those rotting bodies out there, could do nothing to combat the insanitary conditions under which the Turks and their Arab irregulars lived.



IS THERE A HEAD SHOWING OVER THERE?

Here is a scene in a front-line trench in August 1915, manned by men of the Royal Berkshire Regiment. All that shows above the parapet is the top of the periscope through which a man is watching the enemy trenches. His loaded rifle with bayonet fixed stands beside him, at the entrance to the dug-out. The trench is well revetted, partly with wire netting and partly with wattle.

Imperial War Museum

The Western Front Summer, 1915

May 9 — August 13, 1915

*77 May 9, 1915

A GUNNER at FESTUBERT

When We Were Short of Shells

by Major Franklin Lushington ('Mark Severn')

ON May 9 my Brigade took part in the battle at Festubert. The night before Alington and Shadbolt [fellow subalterns] slept lightly and uneasily in a farm cart. About an hour before dawn they rose in the darkness and crept shivering on to their guns. Except for an occasional rifle shot, the front was deathly quiet, and one could plainly hear men stumbling about and shouting in the neighbouring fields as, by the fitful lantern-light, they prepared their monstrous gods for the coming day.

Suddenly there was a deafening crack, followed by four stabbing flashes of flame. The 18-pounder battery behind had opened fire. As if this were the signal, every battery on the front crashed into a thunderous accompaniment, and the whole earth seemed to shake to the blasting roar of their guns. Shadbolt's first battle had begun. In the half light behind the gun he watched the mechanical feeding of an insatiable monster by its statuesque slaves, their

During the spring and summer of 1915 the British fighting was mainly concentrated in Flanders and Northern France. The actions attempted met with no permanent success, though they showed the invincible gallantry of British arms. ¶ Major Lushington, who, under the pseudonym "Mark Severn," wrote the brilliant war book "The Gambardier," tells a story of the gunners at the battle at Festubert and the disastrous shortage of shells, and William Linton Andrews of the infantry in attack there. ¶ The actions at Hooge, trench life, and the first use of liquid fire are told by three war-time authors. ¶ This section also includes two stories from the other side: one by Herr Von Rintelen, a famous German agent, of his capture by the British, and a second describing a remarkable escape from Donington Hall.

grey, unshaven faces contorted by the flickering gun-fire into something evil and unearthly. This diabolic illusion was increased by their continual ramming and stoking, their tireless activity, and their silence.

Across the orchard the men on Alington's gun were working with the same precise and deadly concentration. Through the trees he could see his friend's long legs moving restlessly to and fro, as he checked the sights and ammunition, and superintended the working of his detachment.

The whole of that bright May day this devil's work went on, and in the evening its first results appeared in the shape of a few shaken-looking prisoners

in muddy field grey, who crept in listless batches down the road behind the battery positions. The gunners crowded round them demanding "Souvenir," the only word common to all the nations at war. Each man returned with a helmet, the old German "pickelhaube," a set of buttons, a belt, or a haversack. One wondered if those poor prisoners would retain even their clothes by the time they arrived in rear.

The next day Shadbolt was sent forward to observe from a captured German trench. Taking with him his batman, Gunner Langmead, and two signallers, he threaded his way through a maze of battered trenches.

Sandbags and dead bodies lay jumbled there in wild confusion, as if some petulant giant, growing tired of play, had thrown down his broken toys in heaps. Finally they arrived in a little trench so choked with dead and so void of all semblance of a parapet, that it had been left unoccupied by our troops.

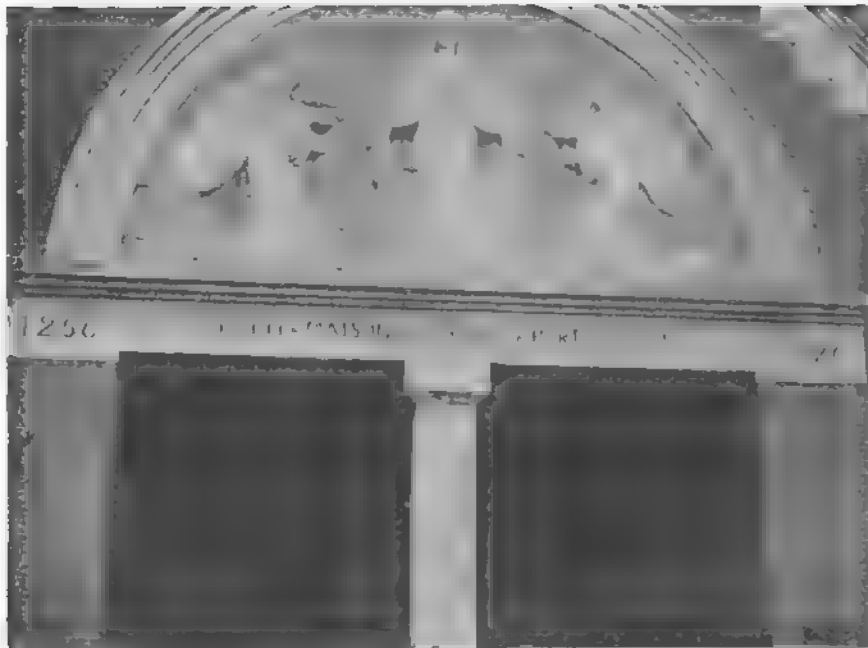
Sandbagging up one corner of this, Shadbolt and the signallers settled down

FESTUBERT WAS THEIR LAST FIGHT

Here is one of the batches of German prisoners described by Major Lushington in this page as "creeping listlessly" down the road behind the batteries. These men were captured by the 2nd Scots Guards and, as the photograph shows, they are hardly in a state to give much trouble to their escort. They are on their way to the base where, in a prisoners' "cage," an enclosure surrounded by a barbed wire fence, they must await trans-shipment to a British prison camp.

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to the day's work, whilst the cherubic-faced batman set off on the inevitable souvenir hunt. He had just left when the enemy began a tremendous bombardment, the exact centre of which seemed to be situated on their isolated and defenceless little post. Shells were bursting with thundering concussions in front and in rear, to the right and to the left and in the air above, when the major rang up from the battery to inquire what was happening and whether a counter-attack was impending. These were points which Shadbolt would gladly have been clear about himself, as he knew that between him and the enemy, a few hundred yards away, there was only one tired company of Coldstream Guards in a hastily thrown up trench. "You must go and find the infantry O.C., ask what's happening and what we can do to help." This meant a hundred and fifty yards mostly over the open. At school Shadbolt had won a cup for the quarter-mile, but he beat his own record that day.

ARRIVING panting and splashed with mud, he was informed by a bored sentry that the officers were having lunch about two bays down the trench, and as he rounded the next traverse he caught the words "Fruit salad, m'lord." Apparently quite unmoved by the activities of the enemy, they asked him to lunch, and suggested that, when things had quieted down, he should shoot up a machine-gun which was worrying them. Declining the friendly invitation, he only stayed to locate the offending machine-gun, and then bolted back to reassure the major.

A quarter of an hour later when the bombardment had died down to scat-

telephones, reels of wire, rifles, kit, spare food, and Langmead's souvenirs, sallied out as soon as it seemed safe, and made a dive for the trench behind. This was packed with Canadians waiting, with bayonets fixed and set faces, to make another attack. There followed another sprint to a third trench and then a fourth. Suddenly the air was torn with the crackling rattle of musketry and machine-guns. Up got the Canadians in front, and in the far distance Shadbolt thought he saw grey forms hurrying eastwards.

BORNE down with heat and the weight of the telephone reels, there was still trench after trench to be passed, all crowded with anxious, waiting men from whom the words "Canadians attacking, Germans running," brought a smile of relief and a muttered "Thank Gawd, sir, for that." And so wearily home, meeting one of the fresh Highland



REMINDERS OF FESTUBERT'S FATEFUL DAYS

The name of Festubert gained a ghastly fame in the winter of 1914 and the spring of 1915, for several engagements took place there. Subsidiary actions took place in November and December 1914, and in January 1915, but the village became widely known during the battle at Festubert in May, described in this chapter. These two photographs show reminders of those terrible days. Top is the entrance to the church which has replaced the original 13th-century building, and below is a garden where corrugated iron and wooden supports for the German barbed wire have been adapted to the needs of peace.

Photos, A. J. Insall, copyright A.P. Ltd.

tered shelling, in staggered Master Langmead, absolutely covered with pickelhaubes, sword-bayonets, and other trophies of war. "Please, sir, I'm sorry I've been away so long, but I've brought you this ring which I got off a dead officer's finger."

In the evening, after Shadbolt had dealt faithfully with the machine-gun, the enemy put down another fierce "hate." The little party, laden with

battalions from England marching up to relieve the Coldstreams. They looked grim and determined enough. Shadbolt had known one of the company commanders at home and shouted him a cheery greeting, but he only stared blankly and made no reply.

Early in June the battery moved to Annequin, where a whole month was spent without firing a round. Every effort had been made by those at home

to supply the much-needed ammunition for Neuve Chapelle and Festubert. At the last-named battle some of the 6-in. shells were stencilled April 24, showing that no time was wasted between the factory and the gun. Actually, since the beginning of the war about 49,000 rounds had been shipped to France by this date. This compares with 38,000 a month for the first six months of 1916, 290,000 a month during the battle of the Somme, 840,000 a month throughout 1917, and over a million a month in 1918.

THE effect of these early battles was to shoot away all the available supply, and for some months after Festubert all siege batteries were reduced to a maximum of twelve rounds a day. At that time the only ammunition supplied to these batteries was some 6-in. gun shell from Gibraltar, which had been condemned as unserviceable in the piping times of peace. To ensure safety these were fired by means of a specially long lanyard, all the gun's crew being ordered out of the gun-pit except the hero who pulled the string. A premature occurred in a neighbouring battery, which blew the whole of the front of the barrel off. But owing to the care that was taken when firing these condemned shells, no casualties

occurred. Whether they caused any casualties amongst the enemy is also an open question.

A few 6-in. shrapnel were also issued, but it was found quite impossible to persuade them to burst at the right spot in the path of their trajectory. This is, of course, just before they reach the ground so that the shrapnel bullets spray out like the drops from a watering-can. Fired from the howitzers they usually burst about a quarter of a mile up in the air, or on the ground, or quite frequently not at all.

Time hung very heavily for officers and men alike. Books and newspapers were in great demand, and the arrival of the mail from home was the outstanding event of the day. The captain sketched, the subalterns loafed and read, and the gunners played "house" all day. This is a gambling card game, much beloved by the troops, and consists in betting on the face value of the cards dealt out to each player. Part of a second pack is then dealt, the dealer in a sing-song voice calling out the

values, most of which have special names. On a hot afternoon, half asleep under a gun tarpaulin, Shadbolt and Alington listened to the droning, unceasing chant: "Clicketty Click, Number Seven, Kelly's Eye, Legs Eleven, Number Nine, Top o' the House," while in the distance a regular whine and bang indicated that the enemy gunners were getting rid of their daily allotment. Near by, a battery of French 75's, like irritated terriers, would occasionally reply with a spurt of angry yapping, but elsewhere from the British positions all was quiet.

SHADBOLT visited the French battery once or twice, and was much impressed by their methods. He never found more than four men in the battery position, one to each gun, though there must have been others hidden away somewhere. On his first visit he was accosted by a friendly looking tramp in odds and ends of soiled uniform, who appeared to be the only inhabitant. This individual turned out to be a

LATE EDITIONS FOR THE TROOPS

Only through the letters that came from home and the newspapers that spasmodically reached them did the troops with the British Expeditionary Force glean tidings of the progress of the war outside their own field of action "somewhere in France." In and near the fighting areas newspapers were rare indeed, as is suggested by the photograph in page 220. Behind the lines, however, newspapers were more plentiful, though no less in demand. Here are men of the A.S.C. gathered in a base town street reading the latest news from England—the good and ill, and the way of things.





ALL QUIET AFTER THE STORM OF BATTLE

Much of the fierce fighting described in this chapter took place around the spot shown in the photograph. It is the heavily sandbagged trench line near Quinchy, at the point known as the "Brickstacks," an outlying portion of the La Bassée brickfields. On the left is "Machine-Gun House," a good observation post, with cellars that made excellent dug-outs.

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sergeant and, finding that the visitor understood French and was also a gunner, was only too delighted to show him round and to describe the inner workings. After an exhaustive inspection of the whole battery he inquired whether "Monsieur le Capitaine" would like to fire a round at the "sacré Boche." Shadbolt said he would. Without further ceremony the Frenchman pushed a round into the bore and told him to shoot.

THEREUPON he banged into the blue, shook hands with his gallant ally and departed, still without seeing another soul. Shadbolt could not help contrasting this with the methods employed in his own battery, where the procedure of firing involved a solemn ritual including an officer and six acolytes per gun, and attendant high priests standing round with range tables and telephones.

The O.P. for the Annequin position was situated in the wing of a large distillery in the support line. At various times this had been occupied as an O.P. by every battery in the British Army as well as by the French

and Germans in 1914. In the vast cellar lived the signallers and telephone exchanges of no less than five batteries. They had made themselves comfortable with lanterns and stoves, broken arm-chairs, old French beds, and a piano. The first night that Shadbolt arrived the Germans were putting up their usual evening "hate" on the village behind.

The noise of bursting enemy shells was loud and continuous, but the only retaliation from the British lines was "Hold your hand out, you naughty boy," played, to an accompaniment of much laughter and shouting, on the cellar piano. He decided to sleep upstairs, where the advantages of a large double-bed and plenty of fresh air seemed to outweigh the possible disadvantages of a wandering whizz-bang or a spent rifle bullet. One wall of his bedroom had been blown away and he looked straight down a long vista of ruined rooms on which the flareslights from the trenches cast flickering, fantastic shadows. The ghosts of all the nations, who had fought and died in this place, crept and peered and prowled. Every so often a brick would fall or a

bomb go off, and they would stop and listen—Shadbolt was connected by a speaking-tube to the cellar, but it seemed hardly in keeping with his dignity as an officer to order Gunner Langmead to keep him company.

Another O.P. was in a ruined house in Quinchy, just off the La Bassée road. One sultry Sunday afternoon when all else was "quiet on the Western Front" the enemy began methodically to shell the building with 5.9's. Shadbolt and a subaltern from another battery who were both on duty thought it best to retire to a small sandbag dug-out at the back. They stood at the entrance to the dug-out, which was splinter-proof and no more, and watched the performance with professional interest. In the stillness one could hear the German howitzer fire, followed by the long-drawn whine of the approaching shell, and the shattering burst as it landed on a house or a garden wall. They counted the overs and shorts and the rights and lefts, and were presently joined by Saunders from Shadbolt's battery, who had come up to repair the cut telephone wire.

Suddenly one shell seemed to be coming much closer, and Shadbolt felt a sharp pain in his leg as he dived with the others for the mouth of the dug-out. The blast of the explosion knocked him flat, and when he staggered to his feet he found both the others, covered with mud and blood, moaning on the ground.

BINDING them up as well as he could, he then discovered that a small splinter had severed a muscle in his thigh, that the telephone wires were again cut, and that the enemy had gone to gun-fire, that is, having found the range slowly and methodically with one gun, he was now firing the whole battery as hard and as fast as he could.

It seemed as if the rocking dug-out would certainly collapse on them with the mere force of the explosions. Saunders was unconscious, but the other subaltern, who was badly hit, kept crying for help in a piteous way. There was nothing to be done but wait. After what seemed to be an eternity, but was in reality not more than ten or fifteen minutes, a figure appeared at the doorway and a quiet voice said: "Are any of you fellows alive?" It was the colonel. It appeared that a hysterical signaller had run the whole way down to the battery and reported that three officers had been killed and the O.P. destroyed. Whereupon the colonel, who happened to be in the position, had calmly walked up through the shelling to see for himself, while an ambulance was sent for by telephone.



IN THE SPIRIT OF THEIR FOREFATHERS

These men of the Honourable Artillery Company are in a trench at St. Eloi in April 1915, and in an interval of fighting are brewing some welcome tea in a mess-tin. In June they were at Hooze as related in pages 426-27. The H.A.C., whose charter dates back to 1537, justified its name to the full in the world war. Over 12,000 men served in it, and over 4,000 were granted commissions. The orders and decorations gained totalled 225, including two V.Cs

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WHEN 'SPIT AND POLISH' WAS FORGOTTEN

Sandbags and boxes that have held bombs make up the parapet of the trench in which a member of the garrison is having a well-earned rest during a quiet period. The trench is in the Bois Grenier sector, which as early as March 1915 was the scene of hot fighting and over which the tide of battle ebbed and flowed until 1918.

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Leaves from the Editor's Note-Book

(Continued from page II of this wrapper)

our new publication! There always was, and always will be, a special affection between the soldier and his horse.

THERE are many examples now in my letter-bag of the pride and joy that old serving soldiers in France and other foreign fields find in the re-vivifying of memories and tragic happenings of war. Gunner Darbyshire's very vivid writing of the immortal story of L. Battery at N ry, which I printed in Part 3, has given another survivor of that wonderful battery the keenest thrills of memories recalled. Driver Mansfield says—and I quote his letter as it was written in the throes of excitement of reading and living again those hours of furious action twenty-four years back:

"I congratulate Gr. Darbyshire on his account. First let me explain I don't remember a Gr. Darbyshire in L. Battery, but, of course, after mobilization there were a lot of new men to bring the battery up to war strength, so it's only natural he did not know the part Bombardier Perrot and myself played that morning. I was Wheel Driver of No. 2 Gun Team. We had just got back from watering our horses. Limbered up ready for marching with the exception of putting nosebags on our horses. We were standing by our horses waiting for the left half of the battery to come back, when in the half-light and mist we saw large cavalry movements on the high ground in our van, but were told it was French cavalry—but it proved to be the Germans getting into position. A few seconds later I saw a flash from the supposed French cavalry, and the first shells burst right on No. 2 Gun Team, putting the whole team out of action.

"I was lifted off my feet and thrown to the ground by the explosions, and I remember being dragged by Lieut. Campbell, my Sect. Officer, behind a straw stack (there was a straw stack on the left of the Battery about 10 yards from the guns, and a sunken road on the right). What happened next was Capt. Bradbury asking for volunteers to get the guns into action. What a sight! All the horses killed or wounded and twisted in their harness making it very hard to unlimber the guns. However, Bomb. Perrot and myself got one unlimbered. This was taken over by other members of the Battery. Bomb. Perrot and myself tried to get other guns into action. There was only one more possible. We got this into action. We were joined by Capt. Bradbury, Dvr. Osborne and a gunner who must have been Gr. Darbyshire. Anyhow, I well remember being shown how to set the shell fuses, range 600 yards. (A driver does not learn gunnery.) The first to get hit was Bomb. Perrot, in the head and face; a few minutes later a shell burst on the left of the gun, blowing me across the gun trail, which wounded me in the thigh and buttock. What happened after can best be told by those who were left to carry on. But in my opinion it was Capt. Bradbury, a gallant officer, who saved the day."—67268, Dvr. R. MANSFIELD.

Mr. Mansfield asks whether it is possible to be put in touch with any of the names he has mentioned, particularly Bombardier Perrot. I have told him that I would ask anyone who reads this note and knows or remembers Bombardier Perrot to write to me, so that any information available can be given in this page or in our "Old Comrades' Corner." I am also having enquiries made in other directions.

TALKING of horses naturally brings up the subject of the men who rode them, and I have a letter from Mr. John Baldwin, of St. John's Wood, who is particularly anxious that the work of the Cavalry in the Great War shall be given adequate presentation. As he says, with the increase of mechanization, Cavalry, "like the sailing ship and other things of the old world, will soon be entirely a thing of the past." He holds that the work of the Cavalry has never been adequately set down either in the Great War or in previous wars, and suggests, very reasonably, that our work may offer the last auspicious moment before memories fade. Mr. Baldwin also thinks that existing material describing the work of the Cavalry, perhaps the most interesting, dashing and colourful part of the army, is so inadequate that I ought to make a special

invitation to Cavalry writers to come forward with articles for I WAS THERE.

I THINK perhaps my correspondent is a little pessimistic, for not only are there several articles noted in the sketch programme which I published at the beginning of our work which will deal with the Cavalry, but there are other sources of information available. However, I am very pleased to make this an invitation to men of the Cavalry or the Horse Artillery "who were there" to send me notes of any particularly thrilling experiences that they had in any field during the Great War. And if I am flooded with material for which I can find little room, at least it will show that my correspondent's pessimism is not justified. It is, of course, a common reflection of the P.B.I. in France that the Cavalry vainly waited behind the lines on the Somme for the breakthrough that never came: but there is no question that they did valuable and dashing work in other fields of war, such as Allenby's campaign and the Canadian Cavalry Brigade under General Seely.

OLD Contemptibles, naturally, form the majority of my correspondents at this stage, because at the time this Note-Book is sent to press only the first four Parts of I WAS THERE had been published, and we were still then in 1914—in fact, the end of that Part began the series of chapters dealing with the Antwerp Adventure.

There is, quite naturally, a special bond between men who fought in 1914, for not only were they—compared with the immense armies of later years—relatively few in number, but they form also, unhappily but inevitably, a comparatively small body of surviving soldiers. So Ex-Gunner J. H. Ives, of Bromley, of the 27th Brigade, R.F.A., 5th Division, thinks that the photograph on page 38 of Part 1, which shows British Artillery passing the memorial at Malplaquet on August 22, 1914, may be his own battery, and I am doing what I can to assist him to decide this question of such obvious interest to himself and others.

IN the same Part 4 which begins the series of the Antwerp Adventures, another reader, Mr. Francis of Deptford, recognizes with very natural pleasure the centre figure in the double-spread in two colours, pages 156-157. That figure is of his father. He treasures it so much that he has even a copy taken from a daily newspaper of 1914. I cannot, of course, undertake to supply all readers who recognize themselves or their relations with copies of the photographs which appear in our pages, as the number is already so large as to mean a considerable expense. However, it is usually possible to find means of providing copies or enlargements at a small charge to cover the actual cost. I should not wish to make a single pennyworth of profit out of a matter so personal as a war-time photograph of a friend or relation.

NATURALLY, readers who have the early Parts of our work in front of them are sending me notes of their experiences in 1914. Unhappily, as I have remarked above, we have now gone so far beyond the 1914 happenings that it is not possible to make use now of any material of this sort. I am hoping to reserve some space for items such as that of the very human day-to-day diary of Corporal Miller, late of the Royal Horse Guards ("The Blues"), in a Supplement with which it is designed to complete our work.

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